

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

1866

VOL. XLVII

JANUARY, 1912

NO. 1

1912



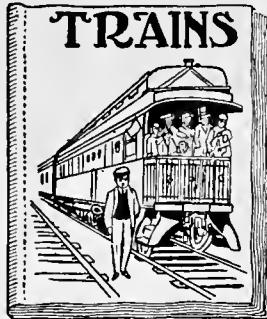
A GOOD GUIDE

© 1911, BY BROWN & BIGELOW, ST. PAUL, U.S.A.

ORGAN OF THE  
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

GOOD BOOKS STIMULATE NOBLE THOUGHT

Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, Salt Lake City



# "Books are Better Than Toys For Girls and Boys"

## FOR BABIES

Rag Picture Books which can be chewed without the colors running. Can be washed when soiled. No child is strong enough to tear them. Prices 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

We have also a fine line of Linen Books for the Little Ones. Prices 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c and 35c.

And PICTURE Books! The biggest line in the West, and at any price you want to pay from 5c each up to \$2.50 each.

The Older Boys and Girls Like Good Story Books. A big line at 25c. Some at 20c. The Motor Boys and Motor Girls, 60c. One thousand Boys and Girls' Books, and good ones, too, at 35c each.

The Grown Ups like books as well as the children. We are prepared to supply their wants with

Gift Books at 15c, 25c, 35c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$5.00 and up.

A few De Luxe Sets of Standard Authors at prices that make you buy.

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, are good for the Sunday School Boy or Girl. They run from 50c up to \$10.00. All prices between these.

CALENDARS. Contain a sentiment for each day or week in the year. 50c.

We are here to serve you. Order early. We'll get the goods to you in good shape.

A Fountain Pen will tickle anybody. Our Special at 75c is a good one.

The Conklin Self Filler at \$2.50 to \$8.00 we guarantee to give absolute satisfaction.



# DEFERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOOK STORE

MAIL ORDER BOOK HOUSE OF THE WEST

44-46 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

# CONTENTS

Portrait of Charles W. Penrose...Frontispiece

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hymn of Praise (Poem)....James Crystal	1
President Charles W. Penrose.....	3
Elder James E. Talmage (with Portrait)	
.....John Henry Evans	7
A Family Vacation .....	10
A Belated Christmas..Bertha A. Kleinman	11
The Sucessful Sunday School Worker—A Better Missionary Plan.....	
.....Charles Herman	17
Piney Ridge Cottage....Nephi Anderson	54

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

New Year Resolutions...David O. McKay	18
Shall We Pay the Lord While We Owe Others? .....	19
"Out of Doors in the West".....Levi Edgar Young	20
The Juvenile Instructor.....	21

## SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department—Sacrament Gem for February—Concert Recitations for February—Sacrament Gem and Concert Recitations to be Developed in Class—Enlisting the Unenrolled .....	22
Secretaries and Treasurers' Department—Revision of the Rolls—Reorganization	

of Pocatello—Statistical Reports—The Nickel Fund .....	25
Choristers and Organists' Department—Utah, Dear Utah (Song with Music, by James Hood)—The Role Music Plays in Harmonizing the Sunday School .....	26
Parents' Department—A Word to Our Teachers—Home Libraries—Home Reading .....	29
Theological Department—Second Year Work—Fourth Year Work.....	33
Second Intermediate Department—Second Year Lessons—Fourth Year Lessons..	38
First Intermediate Department—Lessons for February, Second Year Work—Fourth Year Work .....	40
Primary Department—Bible Lessons—Sugestive Fast Day Lessons.....	43
Kindergarten Department—Outlines for February .....	46

## CHILDREN'S SECTION.

A Great Puzzle .....	58
While Billie Counted Ten .....	58
Doing God's Errands .....	59
One Cross Word.....	59
The Runaway Doll.....	60
The Children's Budget Box.....	62
The Puzzle Page .....	63
Laughlets .....	64

## ***Strong Shoes for Boys and Girls***

You cannot get a better wearing shoe for boys and girls than those manufactured in

**Z. C. M. I. Shoe Factory**  
Ask for Them

**"Mountaineer" Overalls**  
don't rip—wear like leather



Say that you saw it in THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

## **Electric Block Signal Protection**

**When you Travel EAST**  
via



"The  
Overland  
Route"

City  
Ticket  
Office  
Hotel  
Utah

**THREE** Daily Trains over one of the best constructed, best ballasted tracks in the country in the most comfortable, well appointed cars money and care can provide. This assures

TRAVEL—COMFORT  
TRAVEL—SAFETY.

# Free! To all Subscribers of the *Deseret Farmer.*

## SIX OXFORD SILVER PLATE SPOONS

We guarantee these six spoons to be genuine Oxford Silver Plate, made by the well known Rogers Co. They are exactly like the cut shown here. Each spoon is standard size, six inches long and the handle is finished in dull French gray, beautifully embossed in the Narcissus pattern. The bowl is heavily plated with highly polished silver by genuine Oxford process which insures it durability. In short, the pattern is rich without being over elaborate, and this, the Narcissus—the latest pattern in the famous Rogers Silver Company's line, appeals to people of every taste.

You need this set and should lose no time in sending for it.

To increase the number of subscribers we are making these exceptional offers and are going to give the same to our regular subscribers when they pay a year in advance.

There is a full dollar's worth in the year's subscription to the Deseret Farmer. Some say they get that much value out of a single issue.

Many improvements are planned for the Deseret Farmer. Special attention will be paid to the Home Department, with helps and suggestions for the housewife. We also maintain regular Departments on the subjects of Poultry, Veterinary Science, Dry Farming, Irrigation, Drainage, Live Stock, Agronomy and Horticulture. We make a specialty of answering questions on any of these subjects. A series of articles on such important subjects as Alfalfa, Potatoes and other Farm Crops will extend throughout the year. These with timely editorials will be a help to every man who owns or tills a farm.

You can not afford to miss a single issue of the paper, and right now is the time to take advantage of our great offer. Be sure and give your name and address in full.

Remember, \$1.00 pays for the Deseret Farmer for one year—52 issues. You get the six spoons described above free.

**DESERET FARMER, Lehi, Utah**

JAMES M. KIRKHAM, Manager



One of the six Oxford Silver Plate Spoons

## HYMN OF PRAISE TO GOD.

*By James Crystal.*

Most Holy One, we lift our hearts  
To Thee in songs of praise  
For all the bliss Thy love imparts  
In these the latter days.

We thank Thee for the Gospel plan  
To us so freely given,  
Through which we learn the truth to scan  
And find our way to heaven.

We thank Thee for this glad New Year,  
So fraught with hope and grace,  
Which comes the homes and hearts to cheer  
Of ev'ry land and race.

Help us, O Lord, to do Thy will  
And from our sins depart,  
That we may love and serve Thee still  
With pure and honest heart.

Lord give Thy servants strength that they  
May spread the truth abroad,  
'Till all who now in darkness lay  
Shall know the things of God.

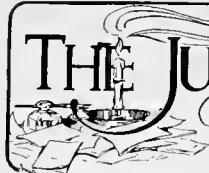
And share with us the peace and joy  
Which none but those can know  
Who daily love the sweet employ  
Of serving God below.

Have mercy on the wayward, Lord,  
That they in time may learn  
The value of Thy precious word  
And to the fold return.

For what were our existence here  
Should we the truth defy:  
A barren waste devoid of cheer—  
A desert parched and dry.



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE.  
Second Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Vol. XLVII.

JANUARY, 1912.

No. 1.

## President Charles W. Penrose.

By *Wm. A. Morton.*



On the 13th of October, 1911, death brought to a sudden close the mortal mission of a great and mighty man in Israel. On that day the noble spirit of President John Henry Smith passed

William A. Morton from earth to a well-earned rest in the Paradise of God. The demise of this wise and able counselor left a vacant chair in the office of the First Presidency of the Church. "Who do you think will be chosen to succeed President John Henry Smith?" was the question Latter-day Saints asked each other daily for weeks. On the 7th day of December the question was answered by the leading authorities—Elder Charles W. Penrose had been chosen and set apart as Second Counselor to President Joseph F. Smith.

He had been one of the Twelve Apostles for more than seven years, actively engaged in the mission. The appointment gave joy and satisfaction to the entire Church, for in all Israel no man could have been found more worthy of the exalted station. And by non-members of the Church was the news equally well received, for out of the Church as well as in it the friends of President Penrose are numbered by the thousands.

For over sixty years this faithful

servant of the Lord has devoted his time and talents to the service of his Master, and while the reward which he has just received is great, a much greater reward awaits him in the kingdom of the Father.

Charles W. Penrose was born at Camberwell, London, England, on the 4th day of February, 1832. He came into the world endowed with a religious nature. When a mere child he took delight in reading the Scriptures, and treasured up in his heart many of the precious truths enunciated by the Savior and His Apostles, little dreaming that the day would come when he would be clothed with the same Divine authority and be numbered among the Apostles of the last dispensation.

The glad tidings of the restored gospel reached his ears when he was in his eighteenth year. He listened with interest to the story of the "marvelous work and a wonder" which the Lord had commenced in these latter days. He felt that it was worthy of earnest, prayerful investigation, and these he gave it, with the result that on the 14th of May, 1850, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. No sooner had he received the gospel when there sprung up in his heart a burning desire to carry the glorious message to his fellow-mortals. That desire was soon gratified, for on January 6, 1851, he was ordained an Elder, and two months

later sent on a mission to Maldon, in Essex, being the first Mormon Elder to visit that part of England. He went forth, of necessity, as did the disciples of old, without either gold, silver or brass in his purse, and with but one suit of clothing. Footsore, hungry, and an entire stranger he entered the town of Maldon. There he met both friends and foes. Many of the former received his message with gladness, while the latter raged, and did all in their power to hedge up the way of the young missionary. The Lord, however, was with His servant, and through the gift of preaching, enabled him to bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth. His labors extended to Danbury, Chelmsford, Colchester and other places, and were attended with excellent results. He converted, baptized, and confirmed many people, and organized several branches of the Church. For over ten years he continued these labors, traveling between three and four thousand miles on foot each year, suffering many hardships and privations, but buoyed up in spirit by the power of God and rejoicing in the success which crowned his ministry each year.

On January 21, 1855, Elder Penrose married Miss Lucetta Stratford, sister of the late Bishop Edward Stratford, of Ogden, by whom he had eighteen children. As the young missionary advanced in years he grew in wisdom and in the knowledge of the things of God. His ability was recognized by those in authority over him, and he was called to preside over the London conference. Later he was given charge of the Cheltenham pastorate, consisting of the Cheltenham, Worcestershire, Monmouthshire and Herefordshire conferences, and subsequently over the Birmingham pastorate, consisting of the Birmingham, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire conferences. At this time his pen was preaching as eloquently and successfully as his tongue. The *Millennial Star* shed forth his light in

prose and poem. On hearing that Johnson's army was on its way to Utah to exterminate the "Mormons," the devotion and patriotism of Elder Penrose burst forth into a song which thrilled the heart of every Latter-day Saint in the British Isles and brought forth substantial aid for their persecuted brethren and sisters in the valleys of the mountains. It was on that occasion he penned the patriotic song, "Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion."

After ten years of gratuitous and faithful service in the ministry, he was released and in the year 1861 embarked for America on the sailing ship "Underwriter," assisting in the care of six hundred twenty emigrating Saints, and lived with them in the steerage during the thirty days' voyage from Liverpool to New York. He also aided them on their journey through the States and up the Missouri river. Driving an ox team, and accompanied by his family and his wife's relatives, Elder Penrose entered Salt Lake Valley in 1861. He settled in Farmington, and resided there for three years. In the summer time he worked in the fields and hauled wood from the canyons, and in the winter he taught school. In 1864 he moved to Cache Valley. He worked for a living, dwelt in a log cabin, and from that humble abode he went forth a year later to travel again as a missionary in his native land. He labored with great success among the colliers in Lancashire, after which he was called to preside over the Essex conference. On the 6th of June, 1866, he was appointed to preside over the London conference. His labors, however, were not confined to the metropolis. He traveled all over the British Isles, preaching the gospel of the Son of God and bearing testimony to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. For two years he assisted President Franklin D. Richards in editing the *Millennial Star*, and on Sundays visited different places, expounding the word of the

Lord and confirming in the faith those who had received it. In 1868 he was honorably released and returned to Zion in the fall, having been absent three years and a half. He engaged in the mercantile business with William H. Sherman, in Logan, till the co-operative movement was started, when the stock was turned over to the new institution. In May, 1869, Elder Penrose became secretary, treasurer and bookkeeper for the Logan Co-operative Institution. Being a home missionary, he devoted his Sundays to visiting the different settlements and addressing the Saints in their assemblies.

In 1870 he yielded to the persuasion of Apostle Franklin D. Richards and came to Ogden, where he was given editorial charge of the "Ogden Junction," a semi-weekly paper which had just been started there. In 1872, Elder Penrose started the *Daily Junction*. He was not only its editor, but business manager and traveling agent as well. While in Ogden he filled many prominent positions. He was a member of the Weber Stake High Council, and also a member of the City Council. In 1872 he was chosen delegate from Weber County to the constitutional convention, and gave able help in framing the constitution of the State of Deseret and the memorial to Congress. Two years later he was elected to the legislature, representing Weber County in the Territorial Assembly. He introduced a number of important bills, took an active part in all the business of the assembly, and at the same time wrote reports and editorials for the *Ogden Junction*. In 1877 he was called by President Brigham Young to come to Salt Lake City and identify himself with the *Deseret Evening News*. Three years later he was made editor-in-chief of the paper, a position which he held for many years. In 1879 he was elected a member of the Legislature for Salt Lake County, and during the session of 1880 introduced a number of bills,

among them a bill to take away all political disabilities from women. Lengthy, animated discussions followed the introduction of this bill, and finally, after passing both houses, it was vetoed by the Governor. Elder Penrose was again elected to the Constitutional Convention and helped to frame the Constitution of the State of Utah, and to prepare the memorial to Congress.

In 1884 the death of Elder David O. Calder caused a vacancy in the Presidency of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and on August 2, of that year Elder Penrose was chosen and set apart as Second Counselor to President Angus M. Cannon. The same year he delivered a series of lectures in the Twelfth Ward Assembly Hall, in which he defended the Church against the false accusations of its enemies. Two of these important lectures, "Blood Atonement" and "The Mountain Meadows Massacre," were afterwards published in pamphlet form, and have done much good in disabusing the public mind of its erroneous opinions respecting the "Mormons."

In January, 1885, Elder Penrose was sent on a brief mission to the States, and while there was appointed to go on another mission to England. On arriving at Liverpool, he was appointed by President Daniel H. Wells to preside over the London conference and to assist in the editorial work of the *Millennial Star*. He traveled all over England, Scotland and Wales. During a visit to Belfast, Ireland, he addressed an open-air meeting at which there were fully 3,000 people. He encountered considerable opposition, and did not learn until years afterwards that at that meeting men were converted who have since performed successful missions. In company with President Wells, Elder Penrose made a tour through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany and Switzerland, preaching the gospel in Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Berlin and Berne.

On his return from this mission he resumed his duties as editor of the *Deseret News*. In 1892 the *News* was leased by George Q. Cannon and Sons, when Elder Penrose accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Salt Lake *Herald*. In 1893 he became editor-in-chief of that paper, and continued in that capacity until the fall of 1895, when he was appointed by the First Presidency of the Church to assist in the Historian's Office. At the April conference in 1896 he was unanimously sustained as assistant Church historian. Besides his labors in that capacity he wrote several pamphlets and articles for publication in magazines, encyclopedias and newspapers. In 1899 he was called by President Lorenzo Snow to resume his duties as editor-in-chief of the *Deseret News*, and held that important position until 1906, when he was chosen to succeed Elder Heber J. Grant as President of the European mission. The work of the Lord in Europe prospered mightily under his presidency. He traveled from one end of the continent to the other, preaching the gospel to many thousands of people, and encouraging the missionaries in their noble work. His editorials which appeared in each issue of the *Millennial Star*, were read with delight by the Elders and Saints, and his excellent pamphlet, "Rays of Living

Light," published by millions of copies and translated into many languages, found its way into hundreds of thousands of homes in the British Isles, and continental countries, and has been the means of bringing many souls into the Church. While in England he was appointed by Governor John C. Cutler a delegate to the Peace Congress, which was held in London. He attended each session of the congress, and wrote reports of the proceedings for the *Deseret News* and *Millennial Star*. After presiding over the European mission for nearly three years and eight months, he was honorably released and returned home June 21, 1910, covering the distance between Liverpool and Salt Lake City in the short period of nine days. Since his return his entire time has been devoted to Church work. His exaltation to his present position is a testimonial of appreciation of his life's work, and to the high esteem in which he is held by President Joseph F. Smith and associates. The life of President Charles W. Penrose is an inspiration to the youth of Zion. May he live many years to bless the Church with his wise counsel, to proclaim the gospel in the congregations of the Saints, and to be, as he has always been, a kind and sympathetic friend to all who appeal to him in time of need.

#### THE COMMONPLACE

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;  
 But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
     Makes up the commonplace day.  
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
 And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;  
 But dark were the world and sad our lot  
 If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;  
 And God, who studies each separate soul,  
     Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

Susan Coolidge.

## Elder James Edward Talmage.

By John Henry Evans.



John Henry Evans.

"Well, how do you like the new apostle?" everybody asked of everybody else the next day after the appointment; for people *will* talk, you know, about things in which they are interested. And everybody else invariably answered: "Fine! Couldn't have been a better!" One good woman said in answer to this same query, "I'm so tickled over it I don't know what to do!" Not very dignified, to be sure, but, like slang, very expressive, and, unlike slang, immensely gratifying. If Dr. Talmage could have overheard the general murmur of approval that went up in every "Mormon" community throughout the country when news of his elevation to the apostleship became known, well—

Elder James Edward Talmage is in his fiftieth year. He was born Sept. 21, 1862, at Hungerford, Berkshire, England. He was fourteen years old when, with his father's family, he came to Utah, settling in Provo. He attended the national schools of England, at Hungerford and Ramsbury, Wilts. Also he studied at the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, where he entered in 1876, and later at Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (1882-3), and at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland (1883-4), receiving his baccalaureate degree from Lehigh in 1891. He received a doctor's degree (Ph. D.) from the Illinois Wesleyan University in 1896, and four years later the degree Doctor of Science and Didactics (D. Sc. D.) from the Church.

Since the completion of his studies at the schools he has occupied prominent educational places in Utah schools. At one time he was professor of chemistry and geology at the

B. Y. Academy. Later (1888-93) he was president of the Latter-day Saints' College at Salt Lake City. In 1894 he was called to the presidency of the State University, assuming at the same time the chair of geology there. Four years later he resigned the presidency but retained the professorship of geology till 1907, when he resigned the place to follow the profession of consulting geologist and mining engineer. In 1891 he was appointed curator of the Deseret Museum and later its director, which position he still holds.

He has traveled extensively in Europe, specifically in the interest of scientific study, and was a delegate from the Royal Society of Edinburgh to the Seventh International Geological Congress, held in Russia in 1897, in connection with which appointment he traversed Russia and crossed the Ural mountains and reached Siberia.

To no other educator in the Church have so many distinguished honors come. He is Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London (F. R. M. S.); Fellow of the Geological Society of London (F. G. S.); Fellow of the Geological Society of America (F. G. S. A.); Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinbugh (F. R. S. E.); Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geological Society (F.R.S.G.S.); Fellow of the American Society for the Advancement of Science; Life Associate of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

Elder Talmage is an author of considerable prominence among us. The following books are from his pen: "First Book of Nature," "Domestic Science," both of which have been used extensively in our public schools, and the former of which was one of the series of books for reading in the M. I. A. course some years ago; the "Articles of Faith," more copies of which are found in the homes of Latter-day Saints than of any other work,



DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE.  
(His latest photograph.)

*The Johnson Studio.*

excepting alone the standard works of the Church; "The Great Apostasy," "Tables for Blow-pipe Determination of Minerals," "The Great Salt Lake, Present and Past." He has also written numerous articles for scientific and religious publications.

He was married in 1888 to Mary

May Booth, of Alpine, Utah County, of which union are eight children.

Elder Talmage has during all these years held Church positions. At eleven years of age he was ordained a deacon. Four years later he was made a teacher. In 1880 he became an elder. And four years after that he was or-

dained a high priest. Since 1901 he has been a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. His appointment to the apostleship occurred on December 7, 1911.

I have spoken briefly of his educational activities, of his literary activities, and of his religious activities. And other activities could be named, for Elder Talmage has been an exceptionally useful man, in various capacities, to the community. Nevertheless, as it seems to me, we could easily point out a department of activity in which he is pre-eminent, not only as regards these others, but also as regards other public men, not only in our own community, but in America. It is in public address.

Astonishingly few men have the gift of speech. In the language of the school-boy, most men "know, but they can't tell it." Dr. Talmage both knows and can tell. He has the gift of utterance in a rarely high degree. Some men who have this gift, moreover, can write well, but not speak. Others can speak well, but not write. Dr. Talmage, on the contrary, can both write well and speak well. Yet most of us, I think, would say that public speaking is his special gift.

But there are speakers and speakers. Some of them astonish us with their rhetoric and brilliance; others with their analytical powers; and still others with the poetic beauty of their language. In all of these you are struck by something in their way of saying a thing. "What a fine speaker!" you say, after hearing them. None of these things is true of Dr. Talmage's address. He has a higher gift. Now, the perfect utterance, written or oral, is the utterance which does not call attention to itself at the time—the utterance which bodies forth the thought, and only the thought in an effective way; that is to say, in an interestingly clear way. And Elder Talmage does this in a way that few public speakers in America can do. Hearing him you are struck with what he

says, and not till afterwards with his way of saying it.

In the first place, if I may analyze his public speech as a pattern for our young preachers, it is simple and direct. There are no oddities in it, no flourishes, no pomposities; there is no attempt to be "fine;" everything is straightforward, backed by a strong desire to express adequately the thought. Secondly, there is exhibited in it the unique power of bringing the abstract, the technical, the difficult down to the comprehension of the mind unaccustomed to the abstract, the technical, and the difficult. Addison thought it the highest praise that anyone should bring wisdom "out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses." Dr. Talmage has the rare ability to do this. And yet it is done so as not to leave a feeling that he has been "patronizing." In this respect he ranks with Huxley, who was one of England's best scientific lecturers. In the third place, Dr. Talmage is always interesting—he always grips the attention. And this can be said of only the best public speakers. Years ago, when he was to speak at one of the large universities in the East, where even the best few often failed to hold the interest of the student body, the college men had arranged to leave, as was their wont, in large blocks. But they did not leave—not one of them left. And this was an audience all of whom even Ingersol, that very year had been unable to hold. These four qualities—simplicity, directness, clearness through concreteness, and high interest with a big fund of ready words—sufficiently characterize Elder Talmage's public speaking and put it at once in the highest class. And now he has been given a place where this unique talent will be most useful.

It is the Church that ought to be congratulated upon the elevation of such a man to the apostolate, not the man thus honored.

## A Family Vacation.

"Sarah! Don't do that! You will upset my work-basket if you put your wraps there. Hang them in the closet, Sarah, then they will be sure to be out of the way," said Mrs. Gray.

"But, mother, I think I shall want to go out and play again soon," said Sarah, "and then I would have to hang them up again."

"It is just as easy to put them in the right place, daughter, as in the wrong one."

"I wish I could take a vacation from putting things in the right place," said Sarah, walking toward the closet. "I hate to be neat and tidy, and remember all the things I ought to do."

"So do I," said James, her brother, looking up from his book. "I don't like to hear mother say: 'James, wash your face and hands; comb your hair; be kind and polite; put your books away, and don't put that on the floor.'"

"I get tired myself of picking up hats, coats, gloves, toys, hair-ribbons, school books, and other articles," said Mrs. Gray. "I think we shall have a family vacation for a week, and take life easy."

"Only a week!" exclaimed two disappointed children. "Couldn't we take a month?"

"Well, perhaps we shall," said her mother. "It all depends upon how much we enjoy it."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma! Do you know where by cap is?" asked

James the next day. "John and Ned want me to go to the brook with them, but I can't find my cap anywhere."

"No, I don't know," said his mother: "look around and you'll find it."

John and Ned were in a great hurry, so they started for the brook while James was looking for the lost cap. Papa's gloves, baby's toys, mamma's sewing, slates, books and pencils were on the floor and table.

After a while papa came home for dinner, and carelessly threw his coat on a pile of doll-clothes in a corner, because the chairs and lounge were full, and when Sarah searched for her new hat she found it ruined. Mamma could not find her sewing, and James had to go to school without his cap.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why, what in the world!" cried Mrs. Gray in surprise the next day, as she came into the sitting room and found two little workers hanging clothes in the closet, and putting toys in the proper places. "What does this mean?"

"Oh, we are tired of having a vacation," said Sarah! "It is lots better to have our things where they can be found."

"I am glad you are satisfied," said their mother, lending a pair of willing hands in the work of clearing the room. "I am very glad our family vacation lasted two days, aren't you?"

And two happy voices said at once: "Indeed we are!"



## A Belated Christmastide.

*By Bertha A. Kleinman.*

### II.

Through the short winter days that followed she lay passive and uncomplaining, speaking little and yielding a patient submissiveness that was new and unlike her. They were becoming inexpressibly dear to her—those fresh young faces that bent so often above her in genuine solicitude. She clung almost pathetically to their younger strength and dared not think of the desolation of the place when they should be gone.

They brought her down stairs at last to sit by the parlor fire, and Louise, busy with her lace with its filmy webs and fussy little rings bobbing into place, sat by in the little rocker that was almost like a child's. Sometimes she sang to them bright little snatches and flute-like trills of lyric wonder that set the old form aquiver and always made Fred lay down his paper and draw his chair very near. And then she came to talk about the little quarters up on Quince Street, where she and Fred had made their home for just one year.

"You couldn't stay till Christmas?" asked Aunt Juny. "You've been so good to me, seems as if it's made me selfish like, and my old self is so slow coming back, but maybe when the winter is gone—Oh I should never have taken you from your own little home!"

Louise interrupted with a merry laugh, "That little home, auntie, I can't wait till you see it. Two rooms right off a noisy elevator, a sanitary conch, a bust of Mozart and a chafing dish—that's about all there is to it—isn't it, Fred? You'd come just once and then settle down content to never leave your snug home again in all your life. It's quite a farce, our living that way after all our big plans—"

there was a tearful suggestion in her words and her voice assumed an unusual gravity. "We don't often talk about it now, do we, Fred? but we had planned so many happy things—the two years at Hopkins to finish up, and perhaps one year in New York for me, and when we came home there was to be a bungalow up on Buffalo Heights and a studio and perhaps an auto."

Aunt Juny patted the little hand that held the arm of her chair, "And you'd still like to study, honey, away off there in New York?"

"Like to, auntie, why I never stop dreaming about it, though there isn't a ghost of a chance now. But I think I should die if I couldn't think of it and live over again all that I wanted to be." The blue eyes gleamed like stars in the firelight. "Oh, it's just like someone had given me a wonderful prize, and I was compelled to hide it away in the dark even from my own eyes! I did so well at school. It was all so easy just like singing is to those canaries of yours. But to feel it slipping away—for it is—it is—" her voice broke and her face crumpled with emotion. "I hear of people succeeding every day at the very things that to me are only failures now, until I hate the very names of them. Oh, it's only a farce, this thing called genius when there isn't a chance to use it; a mean hateful farce and a humbug!"

It was so unlike Louise, that passionate outburst, the bitter words falling so startlingly harsh from her lips. Dismayed and irresolute they gathered about her, but she flung the hair from her wet face and ran sobbingly from the room.

But in the quiet of Aunt Juny's chamber the old Louise came back in just a little while.

"Auntie, aren't you ashamed of me?

Did you ever know anyone so horribly wicked?"

"Hush, child!" The old face was shocked and startled. "It was the righteous speaking o' your own heart. I never knew as you cared so much. No one could know from your sunny little ways how much you have sacrificed."

"But Fred—what of him?" cried Lu, "Do you think he has sacrificed nothing, that he never suffers because he never says things like me? Why, they tell it yet, the strides he made at Hopkins, how they fairly loaded him with honors and he will laugh at it now and say it is something to chuck back into the past and think of when he is idle. Oh, Freddie boy!"—she did not weep again, but her eyes were moist and luminous—"It's all for him that I want to sing. I would love to make my every note a triumph so that he could be proud of me. A woman is a coward who would marry and then rail at fate because she can't run a race of her own, and that's what I have been tonight; but I want my little race just to help Fred in his bigger one. Don't you understand? If only I could study and be what some of the singers are today, I could soon save up just heaps of money and all would be smooth sailing for Fred." She pushed and twirled at the hair upon her forehead. "I have thought of schemes and schemes. I would teach if I knew just half enough; yes, and do you know I have thought lately of going in for opera, if only someone great would take me on. Two years with a strong company and frugal living in New York—Oh, I could save, and Fred—he would have to think me selfish and ambitious until it was over."

And down by the empty grate, with the room grown chill and dark, Fred, too, fought out his little battle of self-sacrifice and love.

He had promised her so much in those days when life held promise of an Elysium, not removed from the

prosaic mediocrity of things, but blending with them to better and uplift. He did not often revert to the blank of that homecoming when the brave man, his father, had died, when with Louise he had faced about to the stern reality of responsibility and toil. He had heard her outcry that night and with it had come the call for greater sacrifice—the call to yield her up to the broader life that claimed her, to subvert his lesser plans to the great charge of her happiness, and with a mighty resolution he made answer. He would send her away and the struggle to promote her every expanding promise—ah! it would be *no* struggle, for the outcome would be the triumph she so richly deserved, the repayment, her content.

Into Aunt Juny's heart that night—dear grown repository of trusts and councils—Fred poured forth his eager outburst, glad only to be heard.

"I've saved up something towards the new house," he told her bravely. "It already begins to look like a young mint and will be a royal start for Lu. I'll turn it over in the shape of a Christmas gift so she can't refuse—and after that—well, perhaps you'll take a lonely fellow in to board for a year or two."

And to Aunt Juny came a sudden bounding sense of something new, a rebellion at the old loneliness whose creeping insistence and very alienism set her wondering and trembling. Could it be that the old dun dreariness of things was at last to be uplifted, that fate who had so long withheld had yet a little rift to fling along the autumn of her way? Yes, Louise should go away and the old maternal hungering should yet find appeasement in a strong boy's care.

Alas! it was the sear leaf dismembered, uplifted for an hour upon the flutter of the spring, the warm rays fondling and caressing it, but its resting place was the shadow of the hedge-row—the shadow and the rimefrost. Those childish hearts had been laid

bare to her in all their sterling worth, and she had dreamed of purchasing her own little span at the crux of their sacrifice.

Wide-eyed she lay upon her bed long after the sun had risen, a frail little figure, very tired and forlorn, but no longer troubled and irresolute.

"You'll stay a little longer?" she asked of Fred when he came with his usual inquiries. Her voice was vibrant with a new emotion, and she reached up to button him snugly in his great top coat.

"Stay—why just as though there's anything we would like half so well," he answered cheerily. "We've planned it all out and we're going to stay until the very night before Christmas. I have promised to take Lu home for the great day, you know. She has a mother almost as fond of her as I am and when she knows of the long going away—but I'll be back with the New Year and there'll be no more loneliness around these premises."

The warm response, the high heartedness and boyish courage in those straightforward eyes awakened her almost to sprightliness. She crept from her bed exulting in her returning strength as she dressed unaided and descended the stairs. When she met Louise with the breakfast-tray, she laughed a merry little laugh. "That looks like sick folks, honey, and I haven't a sick bone in my body this morning." In verity whereof she began the oddest little tour of the house, leaning upon Lu's arm occasionally, but making very light of her little lapses into feebleness.

"Haven't I made a most able house-keeper?" asked Lu, the while casting furtive little glances about her and horror stricken at the sight of cookies and jelly in the very middle of the sitting room couch.

"I wasn't thinking of the work, Louise," she said absently. "I was sort of fancying I would like to look through the rooms like as if I might

be leaving them—or just coming back."

"Coming back's the word, auntie, for it must seem like coming back after all you have suffered, and it's such a dear old place to come back to. I have grown to love every corner of it and to make myself dreadfully at home."

They passed through a veritable litter of magazines and house slippers on the parlor floor, but Aunt Juny merely paused to pat a little row of books above the grate where they stood in precise arrangement, as to size and color, upon a little hanging shelf.

"They're Ebby's books," she said fondly. "He liked them by themselves and built that shelf when he was only twelve."

Louise watched her wonderingly, her own face a little pensive that morning and with something of the brightness gone out of her eyes as if from long weeping. She was glad when, breakfast cleared away and the whole saturnalia of Christmas preparations discussed, Aunt Juny urged her to go out, entrusting her with a great list for the momentous cooking which was to be begun that very day.

When the sharp click of the gate had resounded after her, Aunt Juny arose from the chair where she had promised to remain and in trembling haste mounted the stairs. With painful effort, pausing often during the slow process to rest upon the side of the bed, she succeeded at last in dressing herself for going out. Dizzy with excitement, she fastened her silk coat about her, the little tufts of violets on her bonnet nodding above a pinched white face as she tied the strings and crept laborously down again. Outside the air stung her like needles. She clung like a child to the hand rail of the porch, then plodded her weary way to the gate. The great structure across the street had never seemed so far with its labeled windows and hateful banners. She leaned upon the

gate half fearing she could never cross that stretch of road, but fear was stimulus, and with short quick steps she made her way over rails and frozen furrows to the opposite side, thenee down the few steps to the great arched entrance, and into the elevator passage.

"Dr. Brent," she said feebly, and, clinging to the great cage, was lifted to the fourth floor.

"Dr. Brent is busy just now, won't you have a seat?"

It was a brief respite and the faltering little figure sank into the nearest chair. The private door opened and a woman with a crying child passed out. She heard, "Who is next?" and glanced into the broad browned face of the doctor as he scanned the occupants of the waiting room and waited for a dull languid girl to approach. She also passed out and a nervous hesitating woman was next.

"Your turn is next, won't you wait?"

Yes, for she had come to wait and on matters far removed from the very dizziness and aches which her trembling little frame so truly verified.

It was a long conference, longer than is usually conceded to poor taut nerves and other minor grievances, but they issued forth at last, Dr. Brent smiling most affably as he adjusted the scarf carefully about Aunt Juny's shoulders and cautioned her to stay strictly by her medicine and call him over if that daring little trip should bring on the cough. Aunt Juny smiled, too, a wavering little smile like one who finds tears readier at command, but the light in her eyes amounted almost to brilliancy and two bright spots burned on her cheeks.

"Aunt Juny, your little sick spell has been a rejuvenator, a positive elixir," said Fred as with deft little pats and flourishes he clothed her in the handsome fur cape which was his and Lu's Christmas gift. "I declare you look forty this evening instead of sixty."

"Ah, that's because it takes me back to forty, this happiness of gift-giving," answered Aunt Juny as she snugged

down into the furry depths and nodded quaintly to her reflection in the mirror. She was frail, almost shadowy, but her soft cheeks bloomed with a girlish warmth and the fastidiousness of youth lingered in the airy ruffle on her apron, and the rigor of her immaeulate collar.

"You wouldn't believe as how in all these twenty years I have never received a Christmas gift, save the box of dried fruit and pork your father always sent after the railroad came?"

Fred and Lu gazed at her aghast. The color mounted faintly to her brow, "and still less would you believe as how in all those years I have never given a gift, and how the day has passed like every other day, save that the mills have stopped and something in the faces of the people passing by has made me want to sit down quietly and remember the old days."

They were gathered in the sitting room close to the great air tight heater, with the blinds shut snugly down and the old-fashioned lamp making mellowness everywhere. Louise sat curled up in her favorite corner of the couch, her apron full of nuts, her hands rosy and damp from recent ablutions in the kitchen. She and Fred had constituted the dish brigade and cleared up things so chic and trig that Aunt Juny would be at a loss for a whole week to find anything to do. Out in the hall an array of suit-eases, rubbers and umbrellas stood ready for the midnight journey. Fred and Lu would be home in Mapleton for the festivities of the next evening. And now the time had come for the happy little exchange of gifts, the time of pleasant little waits and restraints, of gay phrases and acknowledgements. Aunt Juny stood arrayed in compensation, she declared, for the whole twenty years. It was Lu's turn next. She slipped along the sofa very close to Fred and in spite of nuts and nut crackers, drew his head down into her lap.

"It's only a big plan, Freddie dear, and this," and she slipped a simple sig-

net over his finger. "Listen; I'm going to sing for someone of Conreid's next week. They're coming through, and if they'll take me on," her voice faltered and she buried her face in his neck, "I think I could soon be understudy to somebody, and they pay just royally to those Metropolitan understudies, and two years of saving—but what I want to know is how much, the very least, will take you through Hopkins?"

Fred regarded her wonderingly. "You'll have to go slower than that, little girl. I'm hardly up to your Dutch. Tell me what you mean."

"Oh! it's only a plan and it's all got to be worked out, and you will have to help me, but it's the best I can do."

"Strange that my gift should be a great big plan, too," said Fred, "only mine is already worked out and all you have to do is to fall right in line and realize it," and his face beaming with only the joy of the disclosure, meeting her wide eyes with the gay courage in his own, he told her of the triumph waiting her achievement.

"And leave you for two whole years," Lu cried utterly dismayed.

"Leave me, why isn't that just what I've got for Christmas out of your own sweet lips?"

"Yes, yes, but only to help you, to pay your two years at school—Oh! I knew you would never understand, it sounds so selfish, I knew—I knew it wouldn't be any use."

Then up rose Aunt Juny who had sat through that half hour of various outbursts with quiet folded hands and eyes closed over their well of eagerness.

"It seems like a woman as hasn't given a present for twenty years should just give one and say very little about it." She moved her chair from the fire and sat down again facing them."

"I know as you have often heard

your father say, that I would never sell the old place," she began very slowly and deliberately, "and as how he tried to get me to move into quieter parts and save my money for my old years. The old years has come and I have never wanted for nothing, but seems like as if he was right and it would be better for me to move away quiet like, away from the mills and the tramp at night and the doctors over there. It came to me as I lay sick as how the place is lonesomer now than in the old days when neighbors was blocks away. It has kept me worrying nights thinking what to do, but I've concluded as if it isn't worth the losing of a wink, and the other morning I just stepped across to Dr. Brent and offered the whole place for ten thousand and he grabbed my hand and laughed like as if I was making him a Christmas gift. Incidental, I asked him all about his medicine course, including the cutting up part, for it seems that's got to be learned by all of them nowadays, and with my mind all stored I came home feeling younger than forty and the feelin' just keeps stayin' right on. You see I never could use up all that money if I lived another sixty, and the first cut into it is to be a Christmas present for both of you. Yes, I've inquired into the singing course, too, and into housekeeping back there and it will be just like as if I was giving you a little holiday after the hard pinch. No—" as a series of little gurgles and ecstatic exclamations would have interrupted her, "it's all planned out and would only bring back the worrin' nights if you were to refuse. As for me, I'm going out to your father's place and see if my old knack of managing things won't straighten up affairs a trifle. Those boys need motherin' and educatin' same as you, and it will brighten up my old days some to feel that I am helping them."

She paused at last and shook the ashes from the grate, then settled back in her chair silent and complacent. It

was the silence of repletion, the complacency of a happy satisfaction.

Louise, who had sat in a beatific trance during the recital, was the first to stir. She raised a pair of dancing, drowning eyes.

"Fred, can't you say something?"

Fred brushed his hand across his face. He was little more than a boy, and something had welled into his eyes.

"Don't you worry about things to say," returned Aunt Juny. "It's just the same as if your mother had pointed out the duty you was owing to yourselves and to each other and the only answer was to follow right along to the end of her plans. You'll be back after your good time at home and then we'll talk lots and work and make ready to leave for—for—better things."

"Oh, Auntie, Auntie!"

"Isn't it just like a fairy story?"

"It's nothing short of a sacrifice!"

"You're a real fairy god-mother!"

But she would not let them talk. She busied herself and them with a

dozen little tasks that the last few moments of departing always demand and, scarcely conscious of their tread upon earth again, they submitted themselves to be wrapped and bundled and patted and kissed and pushed through the porch and down the hedge-lined path.

They left her there by the snow-swathed gate, a quiet unobtrusive little figure, smiling imperviously and waving her hand as far as they could see.

She lingered long after they had left her, her heart suffused with a warmth like that of one who has set foot in sacred places. The oldness of things had worn away like a garnet, and she stood once more in the midst of life, loving it, vibrant and attuned to every throb of its passing—the mirth and gayety of the busy throngs, the warm lights, the clanging ears, the crispy pavements trampled by a thousand feet, the melody of bronzed-throated bells, and in the midst of everything a crefty peace, and over all, the stars.

## A Peacemaker.

A story has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, "I was a peacemaker today."

"How was that?" asked her mother.

"I knew something that I didn't tell," was her unexpected reply.

Do we not all of us have frequent opportunities to make peace in this way? Perhaps we have thought of the work of the peacemakers as the stopping of quarrels rather than their prevention, but comparatively few of us will have occasion actively to separate those who are quarreling and induce them to be friends, and how much better that they should not quarrel at all!

Let no one think that the negative virtue of a discreet silence is an easy matter. The bit of gossip that would

fill an awkward pause in the conversation is on the tip of the tongue—the secret weighs heavily on our minds, and it would be a relief to talk it over with some one—but is it going to make trouble for anybody? Is it possible that the words that we speak could be misunderstood and distorted and repeated where they would rankle? "Blessed are the peacemakers," even those peacemakers who work only by refraining from doing harm with their tongues.

And what is this blessing that the peace-makers receive? "They shall be called the children of God." Yes, children of the great God, who knows and guards the secrets of all hearts—children who are like their Father.—*New Guide.*

## The Successful Sunday School Worker.

[Sunday School workers are invited to contribute brief articles to this department. Long essays are not desired, but terse suggestions concerning Sunday School work are solicited. Successful superintendents and teachers can do much good by telling the others how to do it. We want your ideas.—*The Editors.*]

### A Better Missionary Plan.

I attended a nine o'clock officers' meeting a short time ago and heard the reports of the teachers for the month. Every teacher, beginning with the parents' class, pretended an optimistic spirit. They wanted to feel encouraged, but their tones denoted the opposite.

Universally they confessed, "our attendance is not what it ought to be, but we are going to do some missionary work as soon as we get "time." There you are: no one has the time. Every active churchman has more than he can consistently do.

The second intermediate department was reported by a young man who seemed possessed of a different idea or spirit. Some inward enthusiasm seemed to push the words out of his mouth. I might describe him as being a "live one." It would require more power than that of the X-ray to discover one atom of discouragement in his constitution. If there was one thing in which his heart and head were united it was in Sunday School work.

In his report he expressed an idea which could be worked to advantage as a missionary power. He admitted that he could not spare a night for visiting because of a multitude of duties, toward church and family.

He said: "Next to a well-prepared teacher there is nothing with a more stimulating effect upon the attendance than the class party. There are many

reasons for this. Getting thoroughly acquainted. A social interest. A personal liking for the teacher, etc.

"Besides, class parties can be well utilized. At our last party we played a game, somewhat, but not entirely original, by which we succeeded in bringing in review, the work of the past six months, without detracting from the pleasure of the party."

"There are published a series of twelve pictures illustrating Book of Mormon events, each bearing a title and chapter reference. We clipped off the titles of the picture, leaving the reference attached. To make the game more difficult the reference was also cut from two of the pictures, leaving their solution entirely to the pupil's memory. These pictures were hung against the wall and a number of Books of Mormon were passed among the class. There were two prizes offered."

"It was really inspiring," he said, "to watch boys and girls who are rarely prepared, digging into the Book of Mormon for the answers. We felt immediately that the idea was a success."

"After a half hour of conscientious effort, in which boys and girls whom I would wager had hardly ever opened the Book of Mormon, learned more than they had ever learned before of that sacred book. Why? They were stimulated with a spirit of sociability."

"When the papers were passed in the highest award was ninety-two per cent. The average was seventy per cent.

CHARLES HERMAN.

"Oh, let me speak to Thee, dear God, of those old mercies past,  
O'er which new mercies, day by day, Such lengthening shadows cast"

—From the God of My Childhood, by Faber.

# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

**THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR**  
**Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union**

Published Monthly.

Price \$1 a year, payable in advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, as  
Second Class Matter.

Copyright, 1911, by Joseph F. Smith, for the Deseret  
Sunday School Union.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH - - - - - Editor  
GEORGE D. PYPER - - - - - Associate Editor  
T. ALBERT HOOPER - - - - - Business Manager

#### Officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union

Joseph F. Smith - - - - - General Supt.  
David O. McKay - - - - - 1st Asst. General Supt.  
Stephen L. Richards - - - 2nd Asst. General Supt.  
George D. Pyper - - - - - General Secretary  
John F. Bennett - - - - - General Treasurer

#### MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL BOARD

Joseph F. Smith	George M. Cannon
David O. McKay	James E. Talmage
Stephen L. Richards	Horace H. Cummings
Levi W. Richards	Josiah Burrows
Francis M. Lyman	William A. Morton
Heber J. Grant	Horace S. Ensign
Hugh J. Cannon	Henry H. Rolapp
Andrew Kimball	Harold G. Reynolds
Jas. W. Ure	Charles B. Felt
John F. Bennett	George H. Wallace
J. M. Mills	Howard R. Driggs
William D. Owen	Robert Lindsay McGhie
Seymour B. Young	Sylvester D. Bradford
George D. Pyper	Nathan T. Porter
Henry Peterson	Milton Bennion
Anthoñ H. Lund	Charles W. Penrose

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY, 1912

#### New Year Resolutions.

When our old companion, Nineteen Eleven, bade us an eternal farewell, and passed forever into the realms of the past, did he part with stronger or weaker men and women than he met one year ago? Every person at that time expressed a noble resolve and gave promise of a progressive life. Surely with such hope beaming from every countenance, the New Year was inspired with mighty anticipation of wonderful accomplishments. But as midnight approached, how gloomily and disheartened he left our presence, as one by one we hung our heads in the realization of broken resolves and unaccomplished aspirations! No doubt a few, perhaps many,

said goodby with truer manhood and greater spiritual strength than they possessed at the New Year reception; but these are they also who accomplished what they resolved to do, and now see greater possibilities of higher achievement.

Once again the season has come when each one at least thinks (even if he really doesn't determine) to do better. And it is an excellent thing, too, to take an introspective inventory of one's self, itemize honestly and bravely, one's frailties and evil tendencies, as well as one's stronger qualities and characteristics, and to desire to lessen the number of the weaknesses and increase the stronger qualities. But it is dangerous to determine to overcome a weakness, or to do a noble act, and then not put forth effort to accomplish it. "It is not every one that saith, 'Lord, Lord' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." It is the expressing of these noble resolves that strengthens the character, and makes better and nobler men and women. It is the application of pure desires to life's daily vocations and associations that counts for success and progress.

But this application must be made not by fits and starts, but continuously. "It is only the progressive, installment plan that nature recognizes," says William George Jordan. "No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development—of growth. But at any moment man may begin to make or begin to break any habit. This view of the growth of character should be a mighty stimulus to the man who sincerely desires and determines to live nearer to the limit of his possibilities." The man who makes a new re-

solve and then, at the first appearance of temptation, breaks it, justifying himself, Rip Van Winkle like, by saying, "Well, I'll not count this one," not only gives the temptation greater power over him but weakens his manhood and power of resistance. And this applies to whatever form of human weakness one tries to overcome, whether it be an indulgence in tobacco, strong drink, tea, and coffee, a quick temper, anger, fear, a tendency foolishly to contract debts, a failure to pay an honest tithing, or what not—the resolve to overcome should be backed by a determination and will strong enough to overcome. Every failure, as well as every success, whether counted by the individual or not, is registered for or against him in character building.

Let the New Year, then, be welcomed by desires and resolutions that mean a new life, for by so doing we shall mark progress as the years come and go: but more important than the resolution at the beginning is the realization at the end of the year that our better desires have been accomplished and our noble resolves become realities. To do this, continues Mr. Jordan, one "must live each day as if his whole existence were telescoped down to the single day before him. With no useless regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day—the only day left for him to conquer all that is worst in him. He should master the weak element within him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment. Each moment, then must he a victory for it or for him. Will he be king, or will he be slave? The answer rests with him." To every member of the Church, believing as he does in eternal progression, these truths are particularly applicable. To him the first sound of the Gospel was a herald calling for a new life; his baptism typified the burial of the old man with all his sins and weaknesses, and his coming forth from the watery

grave was accompanied by the one important desire and determination "to walk in the newness of life." Every New Year should find him full of renewed faith, hope, and noble aspirations,—each Old Year see in him the accomplishment and realization of every noble purpose, together with that purity and strength of character which mark his progress in eternal life.

DAVID O. MCKAY.

## Shall We Pay the Lord While We Owe Others?

That the paying to the Lord of a tithe, or tenth, of our income is the least that any one and every one should do, under any and all circumstances in life, seems to be plainly established in the Scriptures, Old Testament and New. The frank recognition of this simple principle, and the holding to it in quiet, joyous faith, will settle many a question that is commonly asked concerning the duty of tithing. Let us apply it, for example, to the situation described in the letter of an earnest inquirer in Nebraska:

"Should we pay our tithe while we owe money?" is a question which is puzzling us at present. We believe the tithe is the scriptural, also the just and reasonable, basis of giving. We believe that it is the least we can do to prove our love and gratitude to the One whom we recognize as the Giver of all the good things which have filled our lives. We have experienced the joy of giving, and are loath to renounce that joy. But, in a way, it seems that our money is not ours to give while we owe it to others here. In another light it seems that the tithe is the Lord's, and never ours to use for any other purpose whatever.

"We expect to be in debt for a number of years, and should we want to begin giving again till the uncertain time when we shall owe nothing? It is a most uncomfortable feeling to owe money, and rests as a burden on us; but neither are we at all content to spend all our substance on ourselves when souls are dying without Christ. Would the systematic giving of a smaller proportion, say one-twentieth, be right?

Should we be dishonest with God

in order to be honest with men? Should we ignore a preferred creditor—one who because of our pledges to him and his claim upon us has a prior demand over all others—in order to pay an ordinary creditor? Should we steal here and there, break promises from time to time, in order to secure money to pay those whom we owe? As there can be but one answer to these questions, so there can be but one answer to any question as to postponing our current obligation to God while we meet our obligations to men. It seems undeniable, from Scripture and from experience, that God will take care of us better, and pay off our debts to other creditors faster, with nine-tenths of our income than with ten-tenths. The one-tenth that belongs to God is no more ours to give to another creditor than the money in our neighbor's purse is ours to pay our debts with.

Whatever we may have failed to do in times past in paying the tithe, the least that we can do is to pay it in full from this day forward. That is what was referred to by "current obligation to the Lord." If we are in arrears in our tithing for years back, and we are led to believe that God is asking us to recognize and pay off that debt to Him also, it may be obviously impossible to liquidate that debt in full before we spend a cent for any other obligation. But we can begin today to meet our current debt to God by using from this day on, for all other expenses and debts, only nine-tenths of our income, and setting apart for the Lord the tenth that is His. He promises to bless us in this as he cannot bless us otherwise.—*Sunday School Times.*

### "Out of Doors in the West"

The schools of Utah have needed for many years some good book on the fauna and flora of Utah. Nature study is today one of the most important studies prescribed by all of

our institutions of learning, from the University down to the Kindergarten. No better field for nature study exists than right here in the Rocky Mountains, and particularly in the valleys and canyons of the mountains of Utah. When one stops to think that from the crest of the Wasatch mountains to the crest of the Oquirrh range on the west of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, some eighteen hundred different kinds of flowering plants are to be found, one is impressed with the fact that here—right here at our homes is a wonderful out-of-doors. "Out of Doors in the West" is the title of a neat and wholesome little book just written and published by Dr. J. H. Paul of the University of Utah. The volume of some two hundred and sixty pages deals with the common animal and plant life of Utah, particularly those forms which are of special interest to students and the people in general. For example, the gulls and crickets are described somewhat in detail, and their place in Utah history shown. Chapter IV deals with the sunflower, and what flower could be more beautiful to us westerners? In reading the chapter, one leaves it with a knowledge of the habits and characteristics of this congenial friend of man in the world of the plant life. Here is a paragraph taken from the description of this yellow flower:

"This majestic wild plant is named *Helianthus*, from the Greek *helios*, the sun; appropriately named, because the large heads face the sun, until, on opposite sides of the stem, they become too numerous to do so, or until the stem hardens and refuses to turn with the sun westward. The flaming yellow rays, and the brown centre bear a certain resemblance to the rising sun on cloudy days in moist countries; while our own hill-sides, in all parts of the plateau, gleam with the golden glow of hundreds of thousands of these flashing heads of yellow rays every fall. Visitors have declared these splendid yellow flowers to be the most gorgeous of nature's floral displays in the West; and one was of the opinion that nature had perfected herself

in the radiant crowns of the sunflower. These great plants are so common with us that we overlook the warm appeal of their rich and splendid coloring; but our fall would lose something of its glory were our hillsides and lanes to be shorn of these massive and far-reaching fields of rich green and brown and gleaming yellow."

Dr. Paul has evidently written on a subject that is perfectly familiar to him. He apparently knows the animals and plants of our State. His love of nature has given him a certain atmospheric power of expression, which makes his book interesting, indeed fascinating to a lover of nature. This book is one that should be studied by students of all grades in our schools, and it would be a happy companion in the homes of the people, who wish to know something of the beauties of the fauna and flora of the State. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

### The Juvenile Instructor.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board extends its heartfelt thanks to the loyal Sunday School workers who have rallied to the support of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR during the year just closed. By a united effort our subscription list was doubled and instead of reporting a loss, on account of our magazine, we shall now have the great pleasure of showing a small balance on the right side of the ledger.

The satisfactory way in which subscriptions are being received for 1912 convinces us that the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in a measure satisfied the wants of the Sunday School workers. We know the aim has been to live up to the promises made at the beginning of last year, viz.: first to give the Sunday School officers and teachers the assistance they need; second, to print a magazine interesting to the entire family from the baby up to the grandparents. The letters of commendation we have received from hundreds of our subscribers testifying of the worth of our magazine have been gratifying in the extreme; and if, during the coming year, we can live up to the good things said of us, we shall be happy indeed. As a matter of fact, though, we hope to do even better than ever before in the way of helping the vast army of faithful Sunday School teachers in their labors. The various committees of the General Sunday School Board are already hard at work maturing their lesson plans for 1912, and these will be printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR at the proper time.

This is our forty-seventh year, and we desire to dedicate anew our time and efforts to the great Sunday School cause, which has for its aim, the salvation of the youth of Zion—the children of the Saints. God bless them every one.

### The Old Year and the New.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

*The year, from care grown old and bent and gray,  
 Hath joined the caravan that wends its way  
 Among the towering hills of bygone time:  
 His burden is man's selfishness and tears.  
 'Tis joy alone doth lighten weight of years.*

*From out the East with glory of the dawn,  
 The New Year comes, all buoyant with a song  
 Of life and love, of faith and hope and cheer.  
 God speed the Old, all hail the glad New Year!*

# SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

## Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.*

### SACRAMENT GEM FOR FEBRUARY, 1912.

*(Officers and teachers should memorize the Sacrament gem before it is to be recited in general assembly.)*

*(III Nephi 15:1.)*

*Jesus said: "Whoso remembereth these sayings of mine and doeth them, him will I raise up at the last days."*

### CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1912.

*First Sunday.*

*The Holy Ghost—Promised through obedience to the first three principles of the Gospel. (Acts 2:38.)*

*"Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."*

*Second Sunday.*

*The laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost. (Acts 19:5-6.)*

*"When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them: and they spake with tongues and prophesied."*

*Third Sunday.*

*The Holy Ghost—How conferred. (Acts 8:14, 17.)*

*"Now when the Apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: \* \* \* \* Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."*

### New Method of Presenting Concert Recitations

The General Board desires to suggest to the Superintendents a new method of drill and presentation of the Concert Recitations. For three months past we have provided recitations for the first three Sundays of each month along progressive lines using the First Principles of the Gospel as a base. This plan we hope to continue; but we desire to suggest a new method of drill. It is not thought proper to use the general assembly for learning the recitation; this

should be done in class room and at home. So the Board recommends that the recitation be taken up in each class one week in advance of the Sunday on which it is to be used, and there briefly drilled; then the recitation should be assigned to all the pupils for further home preparation. Then after class and home preparation the recitation should be given but once on the following Sunday in the general assembly.

On the fourth Sunday of each month all quotations or passages of Scripture recited in Concert during the preceding Sundays of that month should be rendered in concert. In case of five Sundays occurring, the recitation used on the fourth Sunday may be repeated.

We have already published three series of quotations on "Faith," "Repentance" and "Baptism," and this month we submit the subject of "Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost."

By this system we hope to supplement the regular class work by having the pupils learn the most important passages of Scripture bearing upon the first principles of the Gospel; and we hope the superintendents and teachers will accept the suggestions and put them into practice. Some Schools which have already tried this method report splendid results.

### Sacrament Gem and Concert Recitation to be Developed in Class.

There seems to be no uniformity in the Sunday Schools in regard to the repeating of the Sacrament Gem and the Concert Recitation. Some give them in concert without repetition or practice; others carry on a drill each Sunday and still others develop the thought of the exercise before repeating it in concert. The result is that it is the exception and not the rule to see a well rendered, impressive concert recitation.

The purpose of the Sacrament Gem is to get the children to attend to the sacredness and meaning of the Sacrament of the Lord's supper. When every member of the school repeats the lines suggested, his attention is called to two important things, viz.: the fact that the blessing is about to be pronounced upon the sacrament; and (2) the significance of the administration and the partaking of the sacrament, as suggested by the appropriateness of the gem. The purposes of the Concert recitation have been explained before; one principal purpose being to memorize passages of scripture that emphasize or explain principles and virtues of the Gospel.

Now it is suggested that these be repeated in general assembly, simply as memory exercises. There should be no drilling, no explaining, no useless repetition.

The meaning of the passages should be developed in the various classes, and members urged to memorize the same before the following Sunday. A ten minutes drill thus carried on each Sunday will be most profitable, and will not materially interfere with the regularly outlined lesson.

Some teachers may raise an objection to this by saying that the class period is already too short; but to these it may be urged in reply that the lessons contain no truths more precious than those suggested as memory gems. In the hands of skilful teachers, these may be made a fruitful source of interest and profit.

In this connection, home preparation on the part of teachers and parents' classes, should be urged. Little, if any, time in adult classes need be taken if parents will give the memory work a little home thought and attention; for it is suggested that not only the children prepare themselves for this concert work, but the parents and, of course, the officers and teachers as well.

## Enlisting the Unenrolled.

The following excellent paper on enlistment work was read by Superintendent James W. Lesueur of the Mesa Sunday School in the Maricopa Stake at the recent Sunday School convention of the Sunday Schools of Maricopa, Snowflake, St. Johns and St. Joseph Stakes. We commend to all of our co-laborers the suggestions made in this paper and hope it will assist them in solving some of their problems.

Acting under the maxim, "To get the outside in, feed the inside," our most important work to increase the enrollment is to have an attractive school, to which all in the ward desire to belong. The best missionary work with the unenrolled comes from having such a good place to come to that those attending speak well of it to others.

What have we done to make our school attractive?

1st. We have tried to make it comfortable for all—plenty of fresh air—as many fans as possible in the summer in the hottest rooms—rooms well heated during cold season—benches and seats in place—carpeted rooms for Theological class, etc.

2nd. We try to have everything prearranged so there will be no time dragging, but everything in order at ten o'clock for the commencement of school.

3rd. Interesting preliminary work, such as enthusiastic concert recitation, good singing practice with plenty of song books, extra songs occasionally, or short talks. An orchestra has helped to give tone and life to our music.

4th. Prepared teachers ready to give the children a feast of spiritual things.

These, with many little necessary details, well attended to, go to make a school that those present will want to come back to.

The day we heated up with nine gas stoves marked the commencement of an increased enlistment. If we had electric fans throughout the school in summer, it would also be a great drawing card. We hope to some day.

We made several unsuccessful attempts at visiting the entire ward to find out the unenrolled. Last December, we asked the Bishop's permission to have the visiting Bishopric and aids urge Sunday School enlistment and get the names of the unenrolled. In this way every family in the ward was labored with and only seven between the ages of four and twenty were reported as not being members of the Sunday School. We have taken up a labor with these and five have enlisted. The other two seem to be unreachable, owing to their parents being unconverted to Sunday School work.

One of the most important helps in our school to bring in the unenrolled has been the parents' class. We have one of the largest parents' classes in the Church, having one hundred and fifty members, leaving only about fifty parents in the ward, not enrolled in that class and twenty-seven of these are teachers, leaving but twenty-three parents outside the Sunday School. Now, these parents bring their children, or being converted to the Sunday School, they see to it that they are enlisted as members.

One of the superintendency's duties is to look after the unenrolled and to keep inviting them. The difficulty is to keep track of people moving into the ward, and we have thought that after the next December visits, when we have a complete list of the unenrolled, we will try to keep it up by asking the ward clerk to give us a list of those moving into the ward, then inviting these new arrivals to join us.

To sum up the methods that have made our enlistment successful:—

1st. To make our school attractive.

2nd. Encourage the assistance of the parents.

3rd. By canvassing the ward thoroughly, and

4th. The constant vigilance of the enlistment committee, who keep alert all the year.

May the Lord bless the Sunday School and its workers and the grand army of precious souls placed within

our watchcare. Angel visitors to earth they are, and we are their guardians and let us put forth mighty efforts to save them. May God help us in Jesus' name. Amen.

J. W. LESUEUR,  
Superintendent Mesa Sunday  
School, Maricopa Stake.

## Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

*Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.*

### Revision of the Rolls.

This is the season of the year when questions arise concerning the revision of the rolls. For the sake of uniformity we once more print the rule of the General Board on the subject:

Rolls should be revised but once a year, and then under the direction of the superintendency; no name should be stricken therefrom except in case of death, removal from ward or absolute refusal to return to the school( and as to the latter, only by direction of the superintendency), but at the beginning of the year the names of those members who have not been in attendance for six months yet who still reside in the ward and have not absolutely refused to return to the school, may be taken from the active roll, and placed on the supplemental roll, which latter should be known as the "Missionary Roll" and be made the basis for missionary work until the names thereon are stricken off by being replaced upon the active roll or for one of the three reasons given above.

superintendent with Arlie Dewey as first assistant. The second assistant will be announced later. Dr. James E. Talmage of the General Board was present and the question arose as to the advisability of appointing two superintendents—one in the northern and the other in the Southern section. The scattered condition of the Stake was the reason assigned for the question. The matter was passed up to the General Board.

### Statistical Reports.

The Sunday School Annual Statistical reports are now due and should be forwarded to the Stake Secretary by January 10th. He in turn should compile the same and send in the stake report to the General Secretary not later than February 1st. Last year one or two stakes delayed the General report for two months. We hope this will not occur again. Promptness, brethren and sisters, should be the secretaries' motto.

### The Nickel Fund.

Treasurer John F. Bennett reports that a number of stakes are yet behind in remitting the Nickel Fund. The books will be kept open for a few days yet and all delinquent stakes are urged to make report immediately.

### Reorganization of Pocatello.

At the quarterly conference of the Pocatello Stake on the 17th of December, the Stake superintendency of Sunday Schools was reorganized. Elder Swen Johnson was sustained as

# Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhee.

## Utah, Dear Utah.

JAMES HOOD.

Moderato. rit.

1. Oh how long have I been wan - d'ring, Like an ex - ile far a-  
2. And when stranger's eyes would scan me, Or the sland'ers' tongue re-  
3. As my pensive heart would cher - ish, Grand - er would her mountains

*a tempo*

way, And 'neath stranger roofs been shel - tered, While mis-  
vile, Still more dear to me was U - tah,'Twas heav-en's be-  
seem; Fair - er still appear her val - leys, Nur - tured

for - tune held full sway; Still my yearning heart would  
quest to me the while, And tho' scenes would fain en-  
by each ripp'ling stream; Tem - ple spires ma - jes - tic

prompt me To where fond friendships first be-gun,  
chant me, In grand ar-ray por-trayed to view,  
ris - ing, Di - rect - ing lives to bliss a - new,

And this  
But, as  
Mem - o-

*Rall.*

theme would swell with-in me, As if rehearsed by angel tongue,  
tho' by in-spir - a - tion, This thought di vine would rise a - new.  
ries of U - tah prompt me, This prayer to God a - bove re - new.

*Rall.*

*REFRAIN. Andante.*

In U - tah, dear U - tah, my home ev - er be, Where na - ture in

*Andante.*

beau - ty and grandeur you see, Oh U - tah, dear U - tah, blest

land, ev-er free, There shall my home ev-er be..... ....

*Loco.*

## The Role Music Plays in Harmonizing the Sunday School.

"Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul and waft a harmony from pole to pole."

We all know that music is the life of our worship. No one ever thought of music, such as we have in Sunday School, causing impure thoughts. But our songs breathe of the beautiful, the inspiring, and the reverential in life, and to a condition where we are thinking such thoughts, it is well to come. We will be brought up to a standard of higher progression along all other lines as well, when such a condition exists.

When all are occupied in singing the same words to the same beautiful tune, a sort of harmony must exist. All will unconsciously think some thoughts alike, as the different phrases and sentences bring these thoughts to mind. If the song be of the Creator, all will naturally be thinking of His great work and kindness, and no other state than harmony could result from such a practice.

What effect does a rousing, patriotic song have on an assemblage of veterans? Does it not fill all with harmony in that the love of country becomes uppermost in the thoughts of each? Again, in the time of sorrow and sadness, what consolation and feeling of brotherly love and sympathy does music have the power to produce? Just so with the reverential hymn in Sunday School.

"Such songs have the power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,

And come like a benediction  
That follows after prayer."

—Longfellow.

Who can resist the spirit of music? We all agree that no normal person can, and that there is no stronger medium by which we can reach the hearts of all, large and small? Then nothing can have the harmonizing influence which music has, and in the Sunday School such harmony is positively necessary.

The idea of the children and all others is, that in time they may reach that state which we call heaven. The degree to which music aids is well shown by these lines from Longfellow:

"God sent His singers upon earth  
With songs of gladness and of mirth,  
That they may touch the hearts of men  
And bring them back to heaven again."

Not only in singing, but in marching as well, is the condition of harmony evident. What is the stepping to the time of a march, all with the left foot striking the floor at the time of the accented beat, except harmony? Is it not inspiring to all to see the entire school keeping perfect time together? And this harmony will last even after the march has ceased, and thus it influences the school for good.

To conclude with, I will again quote from a great writer:

"Music:  
God is its author, and not man.  
He laid the keynote to all harmony,  
He planned all perfect combinations,  
And He made us so that we could hear  
and understand."

MISS ERMA JENSEN,  
Heber Third Ward, Wasatch Stake.

## Parents' Department.

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.*

### A Word to our Teachers.

The following lessons open up another phase of our important subject. Whether these lessons shall be made rich and vital and practical depends always upon the teacher that gives them. This is true of all the lessons. It is "up to you" good teacher.

Don't expect good results unless you are interested and alive to your part of the work. Not all that we of the General Board can do; not the work of your stake supervisor, however full of energy it may be, can save your class. According to your zeal and your intelligent direction will be your success.

This thought more than any other kept coming from the reports of all the Stake supervisors in our recent convention: "When any parents' class falls down, or lags, the trouble can usually be traced to the leader of the class. Wherever we find a live teacher, one who pours thought into his or her work, who comes brimful of good preparation—there we find a good class.

God bless you, brethren and sisters on the firing line, to make your work succeed. We will do what we can to help you. Your stake supervisors will do likewise, we feel sure. But in the lessons we suggest, remember that you must fill them full of your own life and thought or they will be barren and empty.

### Home Libraries.

[By Howard R. Driggs.]

Some time ago I requested one of my classes, numbering sixty-three students, to write for me a complete list of the books in their home libraries. They were not to sign their names; I wanted only to know def-

initely of the real condition in a general way and not to pry into private affairs. The response was cheerful, and the reports, I have good reason to feel, were accurate. Here is a gist of the result:

A grand total of 1869 books was reported. Religious works led in number among the classified volumes; histories came second; there were some books of travel, a good deal of fiction, and a few books of poetry; and finally about 600 miscellaneous volumes—a motley collection of agents' "sellers," agricultural reports, handy books of reference, cast off text-books, and what not. Another feature of the report is interesting, not to say surprising. Out of this grand total of nearly 2000 books, only 68 could be classed as juvenile books—within the range of children in the grades. And the larger part of these were cheap Christmas chatterboxes.

I wonder whether this fairly represents the average home library throughout our country. My experience would say it does. Possibly some readers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, glancing over their well-stocked cases, will say that they can make a better showing. But go into the homes of the middle class, to say nothing of the very poorest of our citizens, and what will you find? Very seldom more than a meagre collection of unattractive books.

What, too, of the libraries in homes of wealth? I call to mind one which must have cost into the thousands of dollars. It was tastefully arranged in beautiful cases on all sides of an elegantly furnished room. But what of the books? They were mostly standard sets of various well-known authors, and they stood like soldiers on parade, splendidly dressed—for show—in their morocco uniforms. I say "for show" unqualifiedly, for I am

sure, after visiting the place frequently for months, that ninety-nine hundredths of those books were never taken from their shelves, except it may be, when the house-cleaner came about with her dust cloth.

There is another type of well-filled library—one that has been gathered gradually by the book-lover. Every volume in it is dear to the possessor because he has made its acquaintance through many an hour of rich companionship. I was invited into one such a few weeks since; it gave me the greatest pleasure to be introduced to his book friends by the genial owner. In one respect, however, I felt that this library, too, was greatly lacking. It had very few books that children could really enjoy. It was practically all for grown-ups, and therefore cheerless to anyone but a bookworm.

Have we suggested the general situation?

Summed up, it seems to be about this: Very few people have a home library worthy the name. Some have many books, but they are generally a purposeless selection, bought at random. In almost no homes do you find an ample selection of attractive, wholesome children's books.

And what is the cause for this haphazard, bookless state of our homes? Can we not afford good libraries? The thought is absurd in these days when the best of books are so cheap. Why, a library that would answer the needs of the average home can be bought for half the cost of an ordinary organ; books can be brought, too, on the best kind of installment plan—a few at a time paid for fully as you go. Recently I skimmed the cream of over a thousand books in selecting a list for our schools; this list of over 200 best books was priced here in Utah at \$107. It certainly is not a question of cost. What then?

Well, first of all, the desire for good home libraries has not been thoroughly awakened. We Americans gener-

ally take more pride in a fine horse, a stylish piano, a fashionable fur, a Persian rug or a gliding automobile than we do in a library. We buy books—the Bible, the poets, for example—more for sentiment than for study. If a tithe of the money now thrown away on bric-a-brac or candy or a dozen other kinds of extravagances, were wisely spent for books, no home need lack an "attractive library."

The home library can do more than the school library or public library, important as they are, to further the child's education. It gives him his first taste for and direction among books. It can and should be the first and greatest means of cultivating in him that discriminating love of good books, which means so much to him throughout all his life. We cannot depend upon the teachers, busied as they are with a host of children, to train each pupil till he can direct himself wisely among books. Neither can the public library be counted on to give this power to every child. The schools and public libraries can of course, and certainly should do a great deal to help the parent in these matters; but the home must co-operate closely,—even take the lead in helping the child to acquire a lasting love of wholesome books—to guide him in his reading habits till he is safely past the danger points.

The home library is the parents' opportunity to keep in close touch with the mental life of the child. Wise parents will not miss this opportunity of being companions of their children. To know their books is to know their thoughts and their ideals, and unless we do have this open door through which we may enter into sympathy and live with them, we shall lack great influence over their lives. It is just as necessary that the parent know, at least in a general way, the child's book companions as that he know the child's playmates. The home library furnishes this chance for close acquaintance with our children.

But books alone will not make such a library—no matter how classic or elegantly bound they be. The only library that will give constant delight is the one carefully chosen and bought from time to time as the needs of parents and children demand it. It grows under the watchful eye of the parent as the family grows; it reflects the mental progress and life of the home; it never fails to feed and inspire those that seek it; it invites and satisfies; it is effective and wholesome. And such a library in these days is within reach of even the poorest homes. All we need to possess it is a strong desire for good books and expert direction in their purchase.

Every day brings evidence to us that this desire on the part of parents is growing rapidly. The needed direction, too, is coming. Already in many cities and towns there are merchants who carry a list of choice books, recommended by experts, for their Christmas trade. There should be such a dealer in every town, who will carry only the right books and supply them at the right prices, not merely at Christmas time, but at other times.\*

### Home Reading.

But it is not books alone that our homes need. Many homes, as we have suggested, have good books, which never have been and probably never will be read. What, pray tell, are they good for? What is needed even more than books—though the two are inseparable—is the reading habit in the home. This habit cannot be cultivated by books alone. It comes, rather, from the attitude of the parents towards books. If they love to read, if they do take time to read, not

only to themselves, but to their children, then the child is very likely to acquire such a taste for wholesome books as will bless his whole life.

Parents should be students. We have little patience with the idea that is often expressed, "Oh, I'm too old to learn." The person who gets such a notion in his head is in a sad condition. Every person can learn and should learn every day of his life. Every parent, we feel, should have some line of study to follow. It may be about animals, or agriculture, or inventions, or history, or literature, or any thing else. The main thing is keep studying whether young or old.

Our schools should not be so exclusively for the young. If education is good for them, it is good for all of us. There is no age limit to intelligence. Let the parent study with his children. Some part of each day, if possible, should be set apart for home reading and home study.

Read your children's books. They are worth while. Fill your libraries with books that attract young people and then read them. Such a practice will tend to keep any parent young and growing. Most of us can afford to give time—no matter how driven we are with the material problems of life—to good books. The reward may not clink of dollars and cents, but it will bring good sense of another kind and comfort and culture to our lives and our homes.

### Lesson 1. The Home Library.

Discuss the following suggestive topics:

1. Three reasons why choice books are a necessity in every home.
2. Why home libraries as we ordinarily find them are unsatisfactory.
3. The ideal home library:
  - a. Not necessarily extensive, but choice.
  - b. Variety in our mental food necessary.
  - c. Every book an acquaintance and friend.

---

\*The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store is now planning to provide help for parents and merchants in this important matter. From time to time, through the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, it will submit the names of choice books, selected by experts, and other suggestions to guide parents in their efforts to improve their home libraries.

4. Building up the home library.
  - a. Books or bric-a-brac—which?
  - b. Books as Christmas, birthday and graduation presents.
  - c. Cost of books as compared with other home equipment.
  - d. The public library or school library—how they might reinforce the home and save money for parents.

If you have no such library, why not take steps to get one?

5. What practical steps can be taken to supply your home with the right books at the right prices? Would it be well to consult with some merchant on this point? How else might results be obtained?

## Lesson 2. Home Reading.

Discuss these suggestive topics:

1. What things parents can do best to cultivate in their children a love of good books.
2. Reading to children, or having them read to parents:
  - a. As a means of entertainment.
  - b. As a help to keeping up companionship between parents and children.
  - c. As an offset to the street corner and too much public entertainment.
  - d. As a means of education to both parents and children.
3. Newspaper and magazine reading in the home; its good and bad features.
4. To what extent can and should parents keep in touch with the book companions of their children?
5. What books do you recall as

having influenced you while young, for good?

6. What choice books suitable for boys and girls in the common schools would furnish good reading for the home? Name ten.

**NOTE:**—Ask some teacher or librarian to help you with this lesson.

## Lesson 3. Study at Home.

1. What bad habits of study have you observed among children? To what extent is the home responsible for them? How far is the school to blame?

2. What provisions should the homes make for both children and parents to study? Discuss in this connection—regular hours—the study room—quiet—light, etc.

3. To what extent can and should parents study with their children? Why?

4. What good excuse have parents whose schooling has been cut short for remaining uneducated in these days?

5. Discuss these suggestions:

- a. If our home libraries contained more books easy to read, parents would read more.
- b. Every parent should have a line of reading to follow up.
- c. Our common schools and high schools should offer courses to parents as well as children.
- d. The home and public library are the parents' opportunity for self education.
- e. Our schoolhouses as educational centers for parents. How can we make a better use of them?

**Blessed be mirthfulness; it is God's medicine; one of the renovators of the world.—Beecher.**

## Theological Department.

*Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.*

### Second Year Work.

#### Lessons for February.

(See Outlines.)

#### NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

Studying the Apostolic age in this day, we may be inclined to look on that time with different feelings from those held by the people of that period. Conybeare and Howson show us that "from the Hebrew point of view, the disciples of Christ would be regarded as a Jewish sect or synagogue. The synagogues, as we have seen, were very numerous at Jerusalem. There were already the Cilician Synagogue, the Alexandrian Synagogue, the Synagogue of the Libertines—and to these was now added (if we may use so bold an expression) the Nazarene Synagogue, or the Synagogue of the Galileans. Not that any separate building was erected for the devotions of the Christians; for they met from house to house for prayer and the breaking of bread. But they were by no means separated from the nation: they attended the festivals; they worshiped in the Temple. They were a new and singular party in the nation, holding peculiar opinions, and interpreting the Scriptures in a peculiar way. This is the aspect under which the Church would first present itself to the Jews, and among others to Saul himself. Many different opinions were expressed in the synagogues concerning the nature and office of the Messiah. These Galileans would be distinguished as holding the strange opinion that the true Messiah was that notorious "malefactor," who had been crucified at the last Passover. All parties in the nation united to oppose, and, if possible, to crush, the monstrous heresy.

The first attempts to put down the new faith came from the Sadducees. The high priest and his immediate adherents belonged to this party. They hated the doctrine of the resurrection; and the resurrection of Jesus Christ was the corner stone of all St. Peter's teaching. He and the other Apostles were brought before the Sanhedrin, who in the first instance were content to enjoin silence on them. The order was disobeyed, and they were summoned again. The consequences might have been fatal, but that the jealousy between the Sadducees and Pharisees was overruled, and the instru-

mentality of one man's wisdom was used, by Almighty God, for the protection of His servants. Gamaliel, the eminent Pharisee, argued that if this cause were not of God, it would come to nothing, like the work of other impostors; but if it were of God, they could not safely resist what must certainly prevail; and the Apostles of Jesus Christ were scourged, and allowed to "depart from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." But it was impossible that those Pharisees, whom Christ had always rebuked, should long continue to be protectors of the Christians. On this occasion, we find the teacher, Gamaliel, taking St. Peter's part; at the next persecution, Saul, the pupil, is actively concerned in the murder of St. Stephen. It was the same alternation of the two prevailing parties, first opposing each other, and then uniting to oppose the Gospel, of which Saul, himself, had such intimate experience when he became St. Paul.

In many particulars, St. Stephen was the forerunner of St. Paul. Up to this time the conflict had been chiefly maintained with the Aramaic Jews; but Stephen carried the war of the Gospel into the territory of the Hellenists. The learned members of the foreign synagogues endeavored to refute him by argument or by clamor. The Cilician Synagogue is particularly mentioned (Acts 6:9, 10) as having furnished some conspicuous opponents to Stephen, who "were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spake." We cannot doubt, from what follows, that Saul of Tarsus, already distinguished by his zeal and talents among the younger champions of Pharisaism, bore a leading part in discussions which here took place. He was now, though still "a young man" (Acts 7:58) yet no longer in the first opening of youth. This is evident from the fact that he was appointed to an important ecclesiastical and political office immediately afterwards. Such an appointment he could hardly have received from the Sanhedrin before the age of thirty, and probably not so early; for we must remember that a peculiar respect for seniority distinguished the Rabbinical authorities. We can imagine Saul then, the foremost in the Cilician Synagogue, "disputing" against the new doctrines of the Hellenistic Deacon, in all the energy of vigorous manhood, and with all the vehement logic of the Rabbis. How often must these scenes have

been recalled to his mind, when he himself took the place of Stephen in many a Synagogue, and bore the brunt of the furious assault; surrounded by "Jews filled with envy, who spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." But this clamor and these arguments were not sufficient to convince or intimidate St. Stephen. False witnesses were then suborned to accuse him of blasphemy against Moses and against God—who asserted when he was dragged before the Sanhedrin, that they had heard him say that Jesus of Nazareth should destroy the Temple, and change the Mosaic customs. It is evident, from the nature of this accusation, how remarkably his doctrine was an anticipation of St. Paul's. As a Hellenistic Jew, he was less entangled in the prejudices of Hebrew nationality than his Aramaic brethren; and he seems to have had a fuller understanding of the final intentions of the Gospel than St. Peter and the Apostles had yet attained to. Not doubting the divinity of the Mosaic economy, and not faithless to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he yet saw that the time was coming, yea, then was, when the "true worshipers" should worship Him, not in the Temple only or in any one sacred spot, but everywhere throughout the earth, "in spirit and in truth;" and for this doctrine he was doomed to die.

When we speak of the Sanhedrin, we are brought into contact with an important controversy. It is much disputed whether it had at this period the power of inflicting death. On the one hand, we apparently find the existence of this power denied by the Jews themselves at the trial of our Lord, and on the other, we apparently find it assumed and acted on in the case of St. Stephen. The Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, like the Areopagus at Athens, was the highest and most powerful court of judicature, especially in matters that pertained to religion; but like the Athenian tribunal, its real power gradually shrunk, though the reverence attached to its decisions remained. It probably assumed its systematic form under the second Hyrcanus; and it became a fixed institution in the commonwealth under his sons, who would be glad to have their authority nominally limited, but really supported, by such a council. Under the Herods and under the Romans, its jurisdiction was curtailed; and we are informed, on Talmudical authority, that forty years before the destruction of Jerusalem it was formally deprived of the power of inflicting death. If this is true, we must consider the proceedings at the death of St. Stephen as

tumultuous and irregular. And nothing is more probable than that Pontius Pilate (if indeed he was not absent at that time) would willingly connive, in the spirit of Gallio at Corinth, at an act of unauthorized cruelty in "a question of words and names and of the Jewish law," when the honor of Moses and the Temple was in jeopardy.

The council assembled in solemn and formal state to try the blasphemer. There was great and general excitement in Jerusalem. "The people, the scribes, and the elders" had been "stirred up" by the members of the Hellenistic Synagogues. It is evident, from that vivid expression which is quoted from the accusers' mouths—"this place—this holy place"—that the meeting of the Sanhedrin took place in the close neighborhood of the Temple. Their ancient and solemn room of assembly was the hall of Gazith, or the "Stone Chamber," partly within the Temple Court and partly without it. The president sat in the less sacred portion, and around him, in a semi-circle, were the rest of the seventy judges.

Before these judges Stephen was made to stand, confronted by his accusers. The eyes of all were fixed upon his countenance, which grew bright, as they gazed on it, with a supernatural radiance and serenity. In the beautiful Jewish expression of the Scripture, "They saw his face as it had been that of an angel." The judges, when they saw his glorified countenance, might have remembered the shining on the face of Moses, and trembled lest Stephen's voice should be about to speak the will of Jehovah, like that of the great lawgiver. Instead of being occupied with the faded glories of the Second Temple, they might have recognized in the spectable before them the Shechinah of the Christian soul, which is the living sanctuary of God. But the trial proceeded. The judicial question to which the accused was required to plead, was put by the president: "Are these things so?" And then Stephen answered: and his clear voice was heard in the silent council-hall, as he went through the history of the chosen people, proving his own deep faith in the sacredness of the Jewish economy, but suggesting, here and there, that spiritual interpretation of it which was now to be made manifest to all. He began, with a wise discretion, from the call of Abraham, and traveled historically in his argument through all the great stages of their national existence—from Abraham to Joseph—from Joseph to Moses—from Moses to David and Solomon. And as he went on he selected and glanced at those points which made for his own

cause. He showed that God's blessing rested on the faith of Abraham, though he had "not so much as to set his foot on" in the land of promise (5:5), on the piety of Joseph, though he was an exile in Egypt (5:9), and on the holiness of the Burning Bush, though in the desert of Sinai (5:30). He dwelt in detail on the Lawgiver, in such a way as to show his own unquestionable orthodoxy; but he quoted the promise concerning the "prophet like unto Moses" (5:37), and reminded his hearers that the Law, in which they trusted, had not kept their forefathers from idolatry (5:39, etc.). And so he passed on to the Temple, which had so prominent a reference to the charge against him: and while he spoke of it, he alluded to the words of Solomon himself, and of the prophet Isaiah, who denied that any temple "made with hands" could be the place of God's highest worship. And thus far they listened to him. It was the story of the chosen people, to which every Jew listened with interest and pride.

It is remarkable, as we have said before, how completely St. Stephen is the forerunner of St. Paul, both in the form and the matter of this defense. His securing the attention of the Jews by adopting the historical method, is exactly what the Apostle did in the synagogue of Antioch in Pisidia. His assertion of his attachment to the true principles of the Mosaic religion is exactly what was said to Agrippa: "I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saving none other things than "those which the prophets and Moses did say should come." It is deeply interesting to think of Saul as listening to the martyr's voice, as he anticipated those very arguments which he himself was destined to reiterate in synagogues and before kings. There is no reason to doubt that he was present, although he may not have been qualified to vote in the Sanhedrin. And it is evident, from the thoughts which occurred to him in his subsequent vision within the precincts of the Temple, how deep an impression St. Stephen's death had left on his memory. And there are even verbal coincidences which may be traced between this address and St. Paul's speeches or writings. The words used by Stephen of the Temple call to mind those which were used at Athens. When he speaks of the Law as received "by the disposition of angels," he anticipates a phrase in the Epistle to the Galatians (3:19). His exclamation at the end, "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart \* \* \* \* who have received the law \* \* \* \* and have not kept it," is only an indignant condensation of the argument in the

Epistle to the Romans: "Behold, thou callest thyself a Jew, and restest in the law, and makest thy boast in God, and knowest His will. \* \* \* Thou, therefore, that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonest thou God? \* \* \* He is not a Jew which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of man, but of God." (3:17-29).

The rebuke which Stephen, full of the divine Spirit, suddenly broke away from the course of his narrative to pronounce, was the signal for a general outburst of furious rage on the part of his judges. They "gnashed on him with their teeth" in the same spirit in which they had said, not long before, to the blind man who was healed—"Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?" But, in contrast with the malignant hatred which had blinded their eyes, Stephen's serene faith was supernaturally exalted into a direct vision of the blessedness of the Redeemer. He whose face had been like that of an angel on earth, was made like one of those angels themselves, "who do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." "He being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." The scene before his eyes was no longer the council-hall at Jerusalem and the circle of his infuriated judges; but he gazed up into the endless courts of the celestial Jerusalem, with its "innumerable company of angels," and saw Jesus, in whose righteous cause he was about to die. In other places, where our Savior is spoken of in His glorified state, He is said to be not standing, but seated, at the right hand of the Father. Here alone He is said to be standing. It is as if (according to Chrysostom's beautiful thought) He had risen from His throne, to succor His persecuted servant, and to receive him to Himself. And when Stephen saw his Lord—perhaps with the memories of what he had seen on earth crowding into his mind), he suddenly exclaimed in the ecstasy of his vision: "Behold! I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!"

This was too much for the Jews to bear. The blasphemy of Jesus had been repeated. The follower of Jesus was hurried to destruction. "They cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord." It is evident that it was a savage and disorderly condemnation. They dragged

him out of the council-hall, and making a sudden rush and tumult through the streets, hurried him to one of the gates of the city—and somewhere about the rocky edges of the ravine of Jehoshaphat where the Mount of Olives looks down upon Gethsemane and Siloam, or on the open ground to the north, which travelers cross when they go to ward Samaria or Damascus—with stones that lay without the walls of the Holy City, this heavenly-minded martyr was murdered. The exact place of his death is not known. There are two traditions—an ancient one, which places it on the north, beyond the Damascus gate; and a modern one, which leads travelers through what is now called the gate of St. Stephen, to a spot near the brook Kedron, over against the garden of Gethsemane. But those who look upon Jerusalem from an elevated point on the northeast, have both these positions in view; and any one who stood there on that day might have seen the crowd rush forth from the gate, and the witnesses (who, according to the law, were required to throw the first stones) cast off their outer garments, and lay them down at the feet of Saul.

The contrast is striking between the indignant zeal which the martyr had just expressed against the sin of his judges, and the forgiving love which he showed to themselves, when they became his murderers. He first uttered a prayer for himself in the words of Jesus Christ, which he knew were spoken from the cross, and which he may himself have heard from those holy lips. And then, deliberately kneeling down, in that posture of humility in which the body most naturally expresses the supplication of the mind, and which has been consecrated as the attitude of Christian devotion, by Stephen and by Paul himself—he gave the last few moments of his consciousness to a prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies; and the words were scarcely spoken when death seized upon him, or rather in the words of Scripture, "he fell asleep."

"And Saul was consenting to his death." A Spanish painter, in a picture of Stephen conducted to the place of execution, has represented Saul as walking by the martyr's side with melancholy calmness. He consents to his death from a sincere, though mistaken, conviction of duty; and the expression of his countenance is strongly contrasted with the rage of the baffled Jewish doctors and the ferocity of the crowd who flock to the scene of bloodshed. Literally considered, such a representation is scarcely consistent either with Saul's conduct immediately afterwards, or with his own

expressions concerning himself at the later periods of his life. But the picture, though historically incorrect, is poetically true. The painter has worked according to the true idea of his art in throwing upon the persecutor's countenance the shadow of his coming repentance. We cannot dissociate the martyrdom of Stephen from the conversion of Paul. The spectacle of so much constance, so much faith, so much love, could not be lost. It is hardly too much to say with Augustine, that "The Church owes Paul to the prayer of Stephen."

## Fourth Year Lessons.

### The Atonement.

The lessons outlined for February deal with three subjects, i. e., the Atonement, Faith, and Repentance. Of these the first is the most difficult, both to understand and to teach. There is, moreover, a tendency on the part of many people, including some ministers in Christian denominations, to deny the doctrine of vicarious atonement. For this reason we offer a few suggestions to teachers on this subject.

There are probably two main causes of this tendency toward skepticism in respect to the doctrine of vicarious atonement. In some cases it is a reaction against a crude exposition of the atonement which represents Deity as a God of vengeance who takes delight in the shedding of blood, even the innocent blood of His own Son.

In other cases minds that have been molded by the individualistic tendencies of the Herbert Spencer type of philosophy have come to look upon the idea of one person atoning for the sins of another as absurd.

Both of these objections may be overcome; the first, by a simple citation of Latter-day Saint interpretation of the atonement; and the second, by a more comprehensive philosophy than that of individualism.

The atonement was not the result of a capricious will, neither is there any thought of vengeance in it. It came about because of the inexor-

ableness of law upon which, figuratively speaking, the throne of God itself rests. Belief in the reign of law in nature is a hobby with the typical modern scientist. Logically this belief must be made to include the moral and spiritual realm as well as that of natural science.

The scientist would generally hold, therefore, that if a law is broken a penalty will follow, and that this is because the universe is so constituted. Thus far they agree with us, but they may object to the idea of one person paying the penalty for the sins of another. This objection, however, cannot be founded upon observation of nature and human life, for it is a common place observation that people are all the time suffering for the sins of others; also that every one has opportunities to profit by the good works of others. In modern civilized society every one does, of necessity, thus profit in large degree; but one who would attain to the highest development must put forth effort; but even then his attainments are as much by grace of the gifts of the race as by works of his own.

The individualistic philosophy is being rapidly replaced by the thought of the unity of the whole, and the dependence of the individual upon the race. This unity which scientists generally recognize in nature is, in ethics, very properly applied to humanity. "We are every one members of an-

other" is as true scientifically as it is theologically. To our every accomplishment in life others have contributed some things that we could not do for ourselves. Is not the doctrine of vicarious atonement but a further extension of this thought? Is it not believable that God, the spiritual Father of the race, should do for each one of us something that we cannot do for ourselves?

The moral law never demands the impossible, neither does it justify any being in giving less to his fellows than he is capable of giving. It, on the contrary, requires every one to render service according to his ability. The realization of this requirement means the salvation of all.

Christ gave what was within His power to give for the perfection of all those who are willing to act upon the same principle.

Even from a secular point of view every one must acknowledge need of a perfect life as an ideal for mankind; also the fact that an ideal life is glorified by death such as that suffered by Jesus upon the cross.

That Jesus was crucified because of the sins of the world, and that His life and death is the greatest factor in the spiritual salvation of the race are historical facts. These facts are concrete and practical illustrations of the more comprehensive doctrine of the atonement which relates to man's eternal salvation.

### Your Friends.

Seek out your friends, boys, not for wealth,  
 Nor for the knowledge that is theirs  
 Not for their manly strength and health  
 Nor skill in managing affairs;  
 But seek the boy with honest eye  
 Who fights his way straight to the goal,  
 And bind him to you only by  
 The virtue in your soul!

—H. J. O'B.

## Second Intermediate Department.

Tenry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

### Second Year.

#### February.

[By Bertha Irvine.]

#### Lesson 40. Persecution of the People of Anti Nephi-Lehi.

Alma 24th, 25th and 27th chapters.  
Story of Book of Mormon, chapter 21.

Place: Land of Nephi and Land of Jershon.

Time: About 78 B. C.

In the three chapters covering this lesson there are many interesting incidents. The determination on the part of the converted Lamanites to no more shed the blood of their brethren, the burial of their weapons of war, and their suffering death rather than break their oath are strong points in the story.

The words of the king to his people, verses 24:7-16, are very fine, particularly the closing sentence.

Draw attention to the happy spiritual condition of the Lamanites who suffered martyrdom, contrasting it with their condition before conversion.

The 4th to 14th verses of chapter 27 should be read in the class. Note particularly verses 4 and 8.

This lesson is of especial interest because of the fact that it is the first time in the history that the Lamanites have been numbered among the righteous, making their homes in the very heart of the Nephite territory.

#### NOTES.

Jershon—Situated to the north of Zarabemla, and was evidently chosen by the Nephites as a home for the converted Lamanites because the strength of the Nephite nation would lie between them and the Lamanites, who then thirsted for their blood. It was bounded by the Caribbean Sea and the land Bountiful on the north and east, and by the land

Antionum on the south. Its western boundary is thought to be the river Sidon. Alma 27:22 partly describes its geographical situation.

Anti-Lehi-Nephi—The name given by the king of the Lamanites to his son, who succeeded him on the throne, he being also chief of that portion of the race who had become Christians. He was the brother of Lamoni.

#### Lesson 41. Korihor, the Anti-Christ.

Alma 30th chapter; see also Story of Book of Mormon, chapter 26, and sketch on Korihor in Dictionary of Book of Mormon.

Place: Zarabemla; also Gideon and Jershon.

Time: B. C. 75 (towards the end of the 17th year of Judges).

Recall story of Sherem (Jacob, 7th chapter).

A brief talk by the teacher on the religious freedom enjoyed by the Nephites, as briefly outlined in Alma 30:7-11, and Mosiah 27:3, would make an interesting preface to this lesson.

What effect would Korihor's teachings, as mentioned in verses 13 to 18, have upon the minds of those who gave heed to them?

Consider Korihor's arguments with Giddonah and Alma point by point in the class. Compare with arguments brought against the work of God in our own day.

A pleasing insight is given us into Alma's private life in his answer to Korihor's charge that he and his brethren profited by their labors in the Church (verses 32, 33).

The sign was a very convincing one, coming as it did upon Korihor himself, and brought from him the written acknowledgment of the source of his teachings.

The events of this lesson plainly point out that "the power of God is greater than that of the evil one." The master whom Korihor had so diligent-

ly served was not there to sustain him in time of need. The story is full of life, and should make its full impression upon the pupils, not alone as to the punishment of Korihor, but as to the power resting upon those who had faithfully served the Lord.

### **Lesson 42. Mission to the Zoramites.**

Alma 31st to 34th chapters; Story of Book of Mormon, chapter 27. See also "Zoramites," in Dictionary of Book of Mormon.

Place: Antionum.

Time: B. C. 75.

Following is a suggestive outline for this lesson:

Zoramites—

Who they were—Their leader—Location of their land—Why they were a menace to the Nephites.

Alma's Mission to Them—

His companions—Review our acquaintance with each—Purpose of the mission.

Manner of Worship Among the Zoramites—

Synagogues—Rameumpton—One day worship—Manner of offering prayer—The prayer.

Alma's Prayer—

Note the difference between it and the prayer of the Zoramites.

The Preaching of the Word—

How received—The poor—Why cast out of synagogues—Alma's address on hill Onidah—Amulek's words to the people.

Passages to be especially noted: Alma 31:37, 38; 32:14-16, 23, 26-43; 34:17-26, 32. Some of these should be memorized by the class.

Our following lessons take up the results of the missionary work done among this apostate people.

#### **NOTE.**

Antionum, Land of—Situated east of the River Sidon. It appears to have been of considerable extent, stretching from the great southern wilderness to Jershon on the north; the land of Bountiful formed its western border, while

on the east it extended indefinitely into the great eastern wilderness.

### **Fourth Year.**

#### **February.**

##### **THE BOOK OF PSALMS.**

The outlines in this department for February deal with the Book of Psalms. Many teachers complain that it is exceedingly difficult to interest pupils of this age in these writings of King David. Perhaps no other book of the Old Testament is loved so much by adults, or influences the daily thoughts of Christians as do the Psalms. They contain expressions that fit the needs of almost every condition of human experience, and contribute guidance and encouragement in the most beautiful and appropriate way. Millions of copies of the Psalms have been sold in separate bindings, testifying to their beauty and value, and it is regretable if our students in this grade cannot be given something of value from this book in such a way as will appeal to them and do them good.

Lesson 40 begins with an explanation of what the Book of Psalms is; when and by whom it is supposed to have been written, etc. The early work in the Old Testament should be referred to sufficiently to recall who King David was and the customs and conditions of the children of Israel at that time, and some of the vicissitudes in the life of King David, which would throw light upon some of his expressions.

The nature and use of hymns may be discussed. Why do we love to sing? Why do poetical expressions appeal so strongly to us? Explain the sayings of an ancient worthy: "I care not who makes the laws of the nation if I may write their songs." Has any song ever influenced your life or conduct?

Compare a favorite and familiar hymn like "O my Father" with one of the Psalms as "The Lord is my Shepherd," or "The Earth is the

Lord's." Consider in each such points as these:

The meaning of leading poetic expressions: their beauty, and strength. Reduce them to prose and note what they lose. Do they offer wise counsel? give needed encouragement? convey a great truth? explain a doctrine? or present a prophecy?

What is the difference in the way the various expressions impress you, and a more ordinary way of saying the same things?

Study in detail and enjoy as much as possible one of the Psalms referred to or one with which you are familiar and love.

For Lesson 41 a familiar Psalm, or beautiful extracts from two or three may be assigned with the request that the students prepare them before hand. A few choice verses may be assigned to memorize. The recitation hour may then be spent as above suggested in examining and enjoying the beauties, strength and meaning of various passages, with a view to awak-

ening a love for and an interest in the Psalms.

Students of this grade are supposed to be emerging from the story telling age, and are beginning to appreciate more intricate and subtle thought. They are beginning to appreciate higher beauties in sight and sound and taste, and these budding qualities can be appealed to advantageously in the study of the Psalms if the work is done wisely and connected by fitting illustrations and explanations.

Should the teacher find it impossible to maintain profitable interest in the Psalms for more than these two lessons, the third one outlined may be omitted and another prepared by the teacher substituted. The success of this work depends much more upon the ability of the teacher and her own knowledge and love of the Psalms than the lessons that are based upon Bible stories. Even children can interest each other in telling stories, but only an able teacher can interest a class in the Psalms.

## First Intermediate Department.

*Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.*

### Lessons for February.

[By George M. Cannon.]

The first Sunday of each month is, of course, Fast Day. Reference to the class work for that day was made in the December number under the head of "lesson four." The lessons as numbered in these articles and in the outlines, are three for each calendar month, a total of thirty-six lessons for the year; which, with the fast days, make forty-eight Sundays. The remaining four Sundays of the year would be taken up with ward, stake or general conferences.

### Second Year Work.

#### Lesson 4 (Second Sunday in February)

##### The Tower of Babel.

Text: Gen. 11: 1-9.

Suggestive Aim: Man cannot thwart the purposes of God.

The Story of the Tower of Babel as given in the Bible gives a striking illustration of the futility of man attempting to thwart the purposes of the Almighty. Many of the actions of man must be in the sight of our heavenly Father very foolish. In fact, as people grow to manhood and womanhood and observe the childish ideas of their own offspring, they must themselves realize their own littleness as compared with the Creator of heaven and earth.

The attempt to build a tower so high as to "reach heaven" was, of course, utterly foolish. We cannot be surprised now at the Lord's attitude toward such a project.

#### Lesson 5. (Third Sunday in February) Call of Abraham.

Text: Gen. 12, 13, 14, 15.

The outline issued for this lesson is

so complete and so suggestive that a teacher reading the chapters of Genesis (12, 13, 14 and 15) will find abundant material for use in presenting to the children the life of this great character. Perhaps, however, reference here to a few of the traits that distinguished Abraham may not be out of place. Wherever the name of Abraham is known, he is remembered as the Patriarchal head of those people whom God has blessed. All through the Old Testament, in describing our heavenly Father and His all powerful control, He is referred to as "the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." The promises made to him were greater than to any other mortal man. Through him and his posterity were all the families of the earth to be blessed. Not only were his descendants to be numerous as the sands of the sea shore, but through them were to come blessings to the inhabitants of the earth. Abraham was, in his youth, called Abram. And he had many visits from our heavenly Father. On one of these occasions his name was changed to Abraham, the explanations being given (Gen. 17:5): "For a father of many nations have I made thee."

As Abraham was for a long time childless, his wife Sarah gave unto him another wife (Hager). To Hager a son was born to whom was given the name Ishmael, which means "God shall hear." While he was not the one through whom the Lord had designed to make true His greatest promises, yet of him the Lord said (Gen. 17:20): "And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee; Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful; and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation."

Suggestive Aim: God enlightens and guides those who seek to do His will.

#### **Lesson 6. (Fourth Sunday in February) Isaac as a Sacrifice.¶**

Text: Gen. 22:1-10.

This lesson is to be outlined by the local teachers under direction of the Stake Board. The lesson taught is the blessing that comes to the faithful through unquestioning obedience to the true and living God. It would seem that where the will of God is really known, all would be willing to obey it. Where genuine obedience exists, the feeling of our heavenly Father toward those filled with integrity and honor is beautifully expressed in the message His angel gave to Abraham (Gen. 22:17-18): "That in blessing, I will bless thee and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies."

"And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou has obeyed my voice."

### **Fourth Year.**

#### **Work for February.**

#### **Lesson 4. Stephen.**

Acts 6, 7, 8:1-4.

Aim: The Holy Ghost gives power in the Service of the Lord.

#### *Topic 1. His Call.*

The Apostles were promised that they should be endowed with power from on high. This great power was the Holy Ghost and was given on the day of Pentecost. We have seen the wonderful work done by Peter and associates after having received this endowment. Now that new men were to be called, they must be men filled with the Holy Ghost.

#### *Topic 2. His Ministry.*

Show that Stephen was a very efficient servant through the aid of the Spirit. His power to perform miracles; his wisdom; his earnestness; and his courage are emphasized.

*Topic 3. Before the Council.*

Upon what grounds did they charge blasphemy? Because of his great superiority, his enemies had to resort to unfair means. What was uppermost in Stephen's mind when he was privileged to address his enemies? He forgot self in his desire to spread truth. The power of the Spirit which so filled his being was reflected strongly in his personal appearance.

*Topic 4. His Martyrdom.*

Contrast the character of Stephen with that of the men who were stoning him as to

Motives,  
Courage,  
Honesty,  
Unselfishness.

In discussing these men we are impressed that some among them believed that Stephen was an impostor and that that which he was promulgating should not be permitted to go forth. Included among these is one who is destined to receive a great deal of attention in this course of study. We can well afford to spend a little time in discussing Paul as he appears in the role of persecutor of the Saints.

The Spirit in which Stephen went to his death reminds us of the death of the Master.

**Lesson 5. Phillip.**

**Acts 8:5-40.**

**Aim:** Sincerity and Obedience, not money, secures God's blessings.

In every lesson the teacher should have the aim definitely in mind as the recitation proceeds. To be prepared to emphasize the aim in this lesson seek out a few of the strongest elements in Philip's character and emphasize them. Sincerity and obedience should receive especial attention because they are the conditions mentioned in the aim. "God's blessings" mentioned in the aim represent the result of sincerity and obedience, consequently the teacher should seek every opportunity to point out instances where Philip was blessed. In

most outlines both the conditions and the results are apparent in each main topic. Where this is the case they should be pointed out clearly as each topic is considered. Too frequently the teacher does not know what the aim is until the story is completed.

*Topic 1. In Samaria.*

Locate this place on the map. Who were the Samaritans? Under this topic (a) show that great power was manifested through Philip and that his sincerity and obedience entitled him to it. (b) Show up Simon as a negative example and that his insincerity and selfishness brought a curse upon him. (c) That the sincerity and obedience of the people obeying Philip's teachings brought them the blessings of the Gospel. (d) That the laying on of hands for bestowal of the Holy Ghost is an ordinance of the Gospel and was understood by the ancient apostles. That obedience to this principle is necessary before receiving the blessing. (Notice that condition and result are apparent several times in this main topic.)

*Topic 2. Philip and the Ethiopian.*

(Here Topics 2 and 3, as they appear in the Sunday School Outlines are combined.)

(a) Philip is obedient to the call of the angel and meets with the Ethiopian as a result; (b) the Ethiopian receives a great blessing. What did it result from? (Sincerity is apparent here as the condition.) (c) Obedience to the ordinance of baptism is strongly taught here and the incident is one of the best in scripture to prove baptism by immersion.

**Lesson 6. Saul's Conversion.**

**Acts 9:1-31. Also Acts 7:58; 8:1-3.**

**Aim:** The Lord works through the agency of willing men and respects the authority by virtue of which his servants officiate.

*Topic 1. Saul Stricken.*

(Locate Damascus and Jerusalem on the map.)

Considerable time can be profitably spent on considering the strong prejudices that possessed Paul. Elaborate upon Saul's expression: "What wilt thou have me to do?" Why didn't Jesus tell him what to do instead of sending Ananias to him?

#### *Topic 2. Paul's Baptism.*

Note how willingly Saul carries out the instruction of Ananias. Even Ananias was not so ready in carrying

out the Lord's instructions as Saul had been. He even questioned the propriety of the Lord's instruction to him, but Saul gave unquestioning obedience to the Lord and also to His servant.

#### *Topic 3. Paul preaches in Damascus.*

Emphasize the great power he manifested and the effect upon the wicked Jews.

#### *Topic 4. Paul at Jerusalem.*

## Primary Department.

*Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.*

### Lesson 4. The Wise Men from the East.

Text: Matt. 2: 1-12.

References: Weed: A Life of Christ for the Young, V. Ben-Hur, Book First, I, V, XII-XIV.

Pictures: Dore: Star of Bethlehem.  
Hofmann: The Magi.

In some way many of us have the idea that the wise men were guided to the cave and found Jesus in the manger where the shepherds saw Him. It is so told in "Ben-Hur" and some artists have so painted it. But in Matthew we read, "And when they were come into the house." They probably saw the star when Jesus was born and the time elapsing between His birth and their arrival was spent in traveling from their country. After taking Jesus to the Temple Joseph and Mary must have returned to Bethlehem. This fact should not be omitted from lesson three.

In the countries far east of Palestine, at the time of the birth of Christ, there lived men called Magi, or wise men of the east, who spent their time in studying the stars.

When the angels came from heaven to visit the shepherds on the plain, a new, bright star was seen in the heavens by these wise men in their far away country. They had read in the

Jewish scriptures of a King or Redeemer who had been promised to the world, and when this new star appeared the Spirit of God made known unto them that the King who had been promised so long ago had at last come to bless the earth.

So, seated upon large, white camels, and taking with them the rich gifts which they intended to present to the King, they journeyed through fertile plains, over mountain trails, along the courses of rivers, and under the scorching sun, over the dry, desolate sands of the desert. Then, passing the snowy ridge of Hermon and the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, through the valley of the Jordan and the fertile plains of Esdraelon, over the hills and highlands of Judea, they came at last to Jerusalem.

At the gate of the city they inquired: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him."

This question drew the attention of the people and soon it was noised abroad that strangers had arrived from the east enquiring for "Him who is born King of the Jews." The news spread through the city, at length reaching even to the palace of the king. When Herod heard it he "gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the

people together, and demanded of them where Christ should be born."

"And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophets."

Then King Herod sent his messenger to tell the wise men to come to him. Glad, indeed, were they to receive this message, and they arose at once and followed the messenger through the narrow streets of the city to the palace, then through the gates of the palace and into the palace itself. Along wide corridors, up flights of stairs, past many beautiful rooms, the guide led them, till at last he halted and, pointing to an open door, said, "The king is there. Enter."

Passing through the door, they found themselves in a very large room, richly furnished. On the center of the floor a rug was spread and on this rug was the throne upon which sat King Herod, dressed in a robe of royal purple, with a crown upon his head. The magi advanced to the edge of the rug and bowed to the ground before the king.

When he had inquired of them when the star appeared, he said unto them, "I have this night consulted the Jewish priests and they say with one voice that He is to be born in Bethlehem of Judea. Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also."

The Magi returned to the khan where their camels were in readiness and at once set out for Bethlehem. As they journeyed along the road, "lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Frankincense and myrrh were sweet-smelling spices, and were among the most precious things in their country.

The object of their journey was accomplished, and now they must return to their own land, traveling again the long, dreary road over which they had come.

But before starting homeward they must go back to Jerusalem and tell Herod that they had found the Child whom they sought. But at night, "being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

### Lesson 5. The Flight into Egypt.

Text: Matt. 2:13-23.

Reference: Weed: A Life of Christ for the Young, VI, VII. Chapter VII contains a description of the home life of Nazareth that might well be included in this lesson. It would not be wise, however, to refer in any way to the stories which have been written about Jesus, told on pages 58 and 59.

Pictures: The Flight into Egypt. See page 738, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for December.) In the Carpenter's Shop.

### Lesson 6. The Visit to Jerusalem.

Text: Luke 2: 40-52.

Reference: Weed: A Life of Christ for the Young, VIII, IX, X.

Pictures: Mengelberg: The Journey to Jerusalem. Hofmann: Christ and the Doctors.

### Suggestive Fast Day Lesson for March

We often think of the Fast Day lesson as the beginning of the month's work, and sometimes plan it as a preparation for the lessons which follow. This lesson is planned as a summing up, an application of the lessons of the preceding month. Therefore an aim must be chosen that will apply to all the lessons and also help the



CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

*Hofmann.*

children to a knowledge of God and His dealings with His children. The teacher's desire is to lead the child to testimony *getting* rather than testimony bearing, for he can give only what he has received. The following aim might be chosen: Our heavenly Father blesses and protects those who trust in Him.

The teacher is provided with three pictures: Dore: The Star of Bethlehem. Hofmann: The Flight into Egypt, Christ and the Doctors.

From the pictures she gets a short review of the lessons to be considered. Showing the first picture, she asks: "Of what does this picture make you think?" or, "Tell the story about this picture."

After this quick review of all the lesson—that the child's thought may be centered upon the work in hand—the following questions are asked:

Who showed the star to the wise men?

Where did they see it first?

How did it guide them?

How did they show their trust in God?

How were they protected?

The teacher speaks of the dangers

on the desert, especially to those carrying costly things.

How were they blessed?

If the children do not understand the great blessing that was bestowed upon them by their being allowed to see and worship the baby Jesus, she leads them to do so.

How was our heavenly Father's care shown to Joseph and Mary and Jesus.

How did Joseph and Mary show their faith in God?

When Mary found Jesus in the Temple what did Jesus say that showed that He was guided by the Holy Spirit?

How does God bless us?

How does He protect us?

Has anything happened in your home or to you which shows that your heavenly Father cares for you today?

In what way do we show our trust in Him?

The teacher is herself prepared with one or two incidents to relate to the class, showing how blessings come in a natural way and helping the children to acknowledge God's hand in the simple manifestations of His goodness.

## Kindergarten Department.

*Robert Lindsay McGhee, Chairman, assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.*

### OUTLINES FOR FEBRUARY.

#### 1—Picture Day.

Aim: Those of January.

#### 2—Jesus Blessing Little Children. Texts: Matt. 19:13-15; Luke 18: 15-17.

Aim: Purity of soul leads to Christ.

#### 3—Humane Day Exercises.

Aim: Kindness to our animal friends should be a pleasure as well as a duty.

#### 4—The Widow's Mite. Texts: Mark 12:41-44; Luke 21:1-4.

Aim: The Lord accepts our offerings in the spirit in which they are given.

## OUTLINES FOR MARCH.

## 1—Picture Day.

Aim: Those of February.

## 2—The Last Supper. Texts: Matt. 26:17-30; John 13:1-17.

Aim: By partaking of the sacrament worthily we express a desire to remember Christ, and a willingness to keep His commandments.

## 3—The Raising of Lazarus. Text: 11:1-46.

Aim: "There is no death; what seems so is transition."

## 4—The Raising of Jairus's Daughter. Text: Matt. 9:23-25, Mark 5:22-24, 35-43.

Aim: The same.

## 5—The Death of Jesus. Text: Matt. 27:24-66; Mark 15:15-47; Luke 23:24-56; John 19:16-42.

Aim: True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

## The Sweet Story of Old.

1. I think when I read that sweet stor y of old. When  
 2. I wish that His hands had been laid on my head; And  
 3. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And that  
 4. I long for that hap - py and glor - i - ous time— The

*ORGAN.*

Je - sus was here among men, How he called little children like  
 I had been placed on His knee, That I might have seen His kind  
 ask for a share in His love; And if I con - tin - ue to  
 fair - est, the brightest, the best—When the dear lit - tle children of

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then,  
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 seek Him be - low, I shall hear and see Him a - bove,  
 ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest,

[The following work has been prepared by Sister Edith Devey, supervisor of Alpine Stake, assisted by Sister Edith Hindley.]

### General Suggestions.

Always prepare an individual outline of the lessons before Union Meeting.

Have your work thoroughly prepared and the order of its presentation clearly in mind before Sunday School begins.

In the Kindergarten Department stories should never be read to the children, but all lessons and stories should be told in an interesting way.

Rest exercises should be what the name implies; and should not take the place which properly belongs to the lessons.

Teach the children the distinction between hymns and other songs. Sing at least one hymn every Sunday.

### Suggestive Songs.

"The Sweet Story of Old."

"Don't Kill the Birds."

"If Ever I See"—Primary Songster, page 19.

"Jesus Once Was a Little Child."

"God Sees All"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for January 1911.

### Memory Gems.

Don't kill the little birds,  
The earth is God's estate,  
And he provideth food  
For small as well as great.

"Is there a cross word that tries to be said?

Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!  
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,  
And that will make you forget it."

**Illustration—"Just the time to be Pleasant."**

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing; but she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then, it is the time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross."

"Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good."

"I remember, when I was sick last year, I was so nervous that, if anyone spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, turned a face of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat, soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corner of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? it's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes; and her voice trembled, as she answered:

"Thank you, dearie. It will do me a world of good, if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom, as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and for-

bearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—Selected.

#### REST EXERCISES.

#### *The Snow Game.*

The children all rise, left arms high, with palms of hands down, now let arms move up and down with fingers moving as rapidly as possible to represent a snowstorm. Now choose one or two children to stand in front, to be snow men; two other children may play that they are making the snowmen and when they are made, all the others will pick up the imaginary snow and with strong, vigorous action throw snowballs at the snowmen until they are knocked to pieces and sink gently to the floor, as though they were really thrown down by the snowballs.

#### *A Happy Family.*

(A finger play.)

Here's a little family,<sup>1</sup>  
Just as happy as can be.  
This<sup>2</sup> is mother sweet and fair,  
Loving all with tender care.  
This<sup>3</sup> is father, brave and strong  
As he works he sings a song.  
This<sup>4</sup> is brother, kind and true,  
Many things he likes to do.  
This<sup>5</sup> is little sister here,  
Full of sunshine, full of cheer.  
Here's a little family,<sup>1</sup>  
What a happy family!

<sup>1</sup> Hold up left hand. <sup>2</sup> Point to thumb.  
<sup>3</sup> Point to forefinger. <sup>4</sup> Point to middle finger. <sup>5</sup> Point to ring finger. <sup>6</sup> Point to little finger. <sup>7</sup> Turn hand around.

#### FIRST SUNDAY—PICTURE DAY.

The pictures that were used to illustrate the January work may be used very nicely on picture day this month.

The following pictures are suggestive for picture study:

The Flight into Egypt—by Hofmann.

Jesus' First View of Jerusalem—Mengelburg.

Christ and the Doctors—Hofmann.

Each group teacher should have a set of pictures.

Show one picture at a time, and have children tell the story of the picture. By careful questioning emphasize the aim of the story.

When using the picture, "The Flight into Egypt" be careful to give the children the correct idea of an angel. If wings are shown in the picture, some explanation should be made. If desired, a few light strokes of a pencil or piece of charcoal will cover the wings so they will not be seen.

A new story may be given to emphasize the aims of the reviewed lessons.

Suggestive Story, "Willie's Victory."

#### WILLIE'S VICTORY.

It was a beautiful afternoon in January. The air was clear and cold, and there had been a heavy frost for several nights, so that all the boys said the ice was excellent for skating.

Willie Heath trudged along with his skates over his arm and his hands in his pocket. It was just the right kind of a day for good skating, and Willie should have been very happy about it but he was not. He looked just as discontented and unhappy as a boy could possibly look.

"I think it is a shame," he muttered. "I wonder why I can't stay out as late as the other boys. I am twelve years old. Tonight it will be moonlight, too, and the boys from Melton will be here. And now I have to be at home at half past seven. Half past seven! Why that will not give us time for anything; it is nearly four o'clock now. I wonder why mothers always want the boys to come home early."

By this time Willie was getting near to the pond where the boys were skating, and soon he heard their shouts

and laughter. Then his face began to brighten. Well, he would have a good time while he was there, anyway.

"Hello, Willie," shouted the boys, "hurry and get on your skates or you will miss all the fun."

Willie sat down on the bank and soon had his skates on.

"Come," he said, "and I will race with you across the pond." And soon they were skimming over the ice. They played all sorts of games on the ice, and forgot that it was a cold winter day. How quickly the time passed. The sun had gone down and the moon was shining brightly. As Willie went near the bank, he saw two men standing there.

"Well," said one, "it is nearly half past seven. Good-night." Nearly half past seven! Just about time for Willie to go home.

"I don't want to go home yet," he thought. "The fun is just beginning, and the boys from Melton will be here soon."

"But your mother told you to be home at half past seven," a little voice seemed to say to him.

"Well, I can't help it if she did. I think it is just too bad. What harm would there be if I should stay just a little while longer?" But again the little voice said, "But you would be disobeying your mother."

Willie wished the little voice would be quiet; but instead of being quiet, it said: "And she does so much for you all the time. Can't you do that little thing for her?"

By this time Willie was sitting on the bank.

"Yes," he thought, as he began to take off his skates, "mother is always so good to me. I will go home right away."

As Willie went whistling along, somehow the moon seemed to shine more brightly than ever. He was soon home, and hurrying in, he found his mother sitting by the fire. She looked up at the clock and said:

"Just on time, my boy; I thought you would be." And Willie was think-

ing, "How glad I am that I came right home."

"Willie, dear, will you please go in the other room and bring me that book off the table?"

"Yes, mother," and he hurried into the room. He opened the door and—

"Surprise," shouted some one in the room. Willie looked around and saw about twenty of his friends, and on the other side of the room stood the boys from Melton whom he had expected to meet on the pond.

What a good time they had! The evening seemed altogether too short, and the boys and girls went home saying it was the best "surprise" of the season; and Willie, too, thought it was one of the happiest nights of his life; for he had gained a victory. Can you tell me what the victory was?—Selected.

#### SECOND SUNDAY—JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Who has a little baby brother or sister at home? Why did your mamma take it to church the first time?

Yes, to give it a name and to bless it. When the good man put his hands on its head he asked the Lord to bless it that it might keep well and grow up to be good.

One day, Jesus had been blessing the sick people and making them feel better. And a great many mothers wanted to have Him bless their babies and some of the older children.

So they took the children to Jesus for Him to put His hands on them and pray. Some of the disciples who were near were afraid the children would bother Jesus, and wanted to send them away. But Jesus called the children unto Him and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then He blessed them, and the mothers and children were very happy, indeed.

Jesus told His disciples that if people were pure and good the Lord would bless them. So if we are good, the Lord will love and bless us, too.

THIRD SUNDAY—HUMANE DAY EXERCISES.

*Suggestions:*

Lead the children to understand that the same God who created us, created also the animals. Impress upon them the duty of kindness to animals. There

is no better way to do this than to present in stories the noble deeds of animals.

Talk about the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog, the birds.

1. How do they help us?
2. What should we do for them?



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

*Flockhorst*

Draw as much as possible from the experiences of the children.

#### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

"Yes, the birds must die," said the men of Killingworth. Spring had come early that year, so long ago in Killingworth; and, as the farmers listened to the noisy chatter of the birds, they thought of their crops and feared the little creatures would do them some harm.

A meeting was called in the town hall, and the farmers and all the great men of the place went to it.

Everybody spoke against the birds, telling how the crows ate the corn; how the robins ate the cherries. They made the poor birds out to be the greatest thieves and the most quarrelsome fellows in the world.

Not one good word did anybody say for them, until the schoolmaster stood up and told what he knew of the birds. He said that God had made them, and so they had a right to live. He told how their beautiful songs made all the world brighter; how they ate the bugs and worms and so gave the crops a chance to grow. But the farmers only laughed at him; and the great men said, "The birds must die." And so the war against the birds began. They fell dead, shot by old and young, and the little birds died of hunger in their nests.

The summer came and all the birds were dead. Worms and insects were everywhere. They ate the crops, they ate the leaves; so when autumn came, there were no crops to gather into the barns, no leaves for Jolly Jack Frost to blow his breath upon, and turn red, to make the world look gay and beautiful.

Then the farmers, when it was too late, saw they had made a mistake; and the great men said, "The birds may live." But the birds were dead, how could they live?

The next spring a strange sight was seen in Killingworth. A wagon arched with great boughs of evergreen, was

driven through the streets, and on the boughs hung cages in which were birds of every kind. These were to be set free to begin a happy life in Killingworth. The birds were singing merry songs, but no merrier, I think, than the songs the farmers sang when they thought of the good the birds would do; no merrier than those the little children sang at the sight of the happy little creatures came back to make the land bright with their songs.

#### WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the poor animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements: so every morning, with trembling steps, she climbed the hill, and emptied her ash-pan and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spots.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but, after a little, they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed, too, and set to work leveling the hill and relaying the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund that brought the old lady an annuity for life.

So one poor old woman and her ash-pan, not only kept the poor over-loaded horses from falling, and stopped

the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved the beautiful city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

Adapt story from Longfellow's "Bells of Atri."

#### FOURTH SUNDAY—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Last Fast Day when you went to church, did you see Brother — sitting by a table, just inside the door? What was he doing? Yes, and he put the moneys your papas and mammas gave him into a little box, didn't he? They wanted the Bishop to take that money to help the poor people in your ward. And they were very glad to give something, I am sure.

One day, Jesus went to the temple (show children a picture of a temple) to talk to the people there.

He sat down near the treasury where people put their offerings for the poor. And as He looked up He saw some rich men putting a great many big pieces of money in the box.

In a little while a poor widow came to put her offering in. She had to work very hard to get a living, and that day she had only two little pieces of money. Both of them were not worth as much as one of your nickles. But she dropped both of them into the box and she felt very sad because she did not have more to give.

When Jesus saw that she had given all that she had He called His disciples to Him and told them that the poor woman had done more than all the rich men, because she had given all she had.

She loved our Father in heaven so much that she had willingly given all she had earned.

Now, if at any time, we have something, we really want to give to the poor, I am sure He will be just as pleased as Jesus was with the poor woman.

Illustration—"How They Paid Their Tithing."

#### HOW THEY PAID THEIR TITHING.

Little Bessie Lane lived in Salt Lake City. She had two brothers and one little sister, so she always had companions for her play, study, or working hours. Bessie's mother was a very industrious woman, and she wished her children to learn to do all useful things, so that they might be industrious, too.

Their home was a plain little cottage; but they had a little garden and a few fruit trees, and it made a very happy home.

One morning in September, Mrs. Lane asked Bessie and Harry to take a peck of pears down to the tithing office. They had paid their tithing; but it had always been money, and the children thought that was the only proper way. This time Mrs. Lane thought, as the pears were very nice, she would send one-tenth of them as tithing. Bessie looked at the basket ruefully, and said:

"Why not let father pay money instead, as he has always done?"

"I have never seen boys taking things in baskets to the tithing office," grumbled Harry.

"I've been thinking," said their mother, how we used to pay tithing. We used to give one-tenth of whatever we earned or raised or made, and when we know what the Lord wishes us to do, there is no reason why we shouldn't do it; so I want you to take these pears for me."

Bessie and Harry took the basket and walked seriously down the street. They were not gone long, and when they returned, Bessie's eyes were shining with pleasure.

"Oh, mother," she said, "you have no idea how pleased the man was to see those pears. He said they were the first ones brought in this season, and he gave us credit on the book for seventy-five cents. Who would have

expected that? Then a man came in, and said, 'I'll take them all, if you please,' but the clerk said, 'Oh, no; these must be divided so as to make them go as far as possible. You may take three of them if you want them.' The man took three, and then another man said he would like three for his little girl who was sick; and a young girl said, 'I would like some, too, for my grandmother;' and while we stood there, every pear was given out. I wish we had taken a bushel instead of a peck."

"I am so glad you thought of it, mother," said Harry. "See how well it has turned out."

"Yes, children, the Lord knows just

what is the best way of doing everything; and when He is kind enough to teach us, we should be glad to obey."

After this the children were very anxious to keep an account and take a full tithe of all they raised in the little garden and one day they were made very happy by the clerk's saying:

"You little children are the most regular, prompt, and best tithe payers in this department; and everything is so clean and fresh, and you come as if you were happy to bring it."

Can you tell why they were happy?  
—Adapted from A. J. Crocheron's "Tithing and Fast Offerings."

## Piney Ridge Cottage.

### The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

*By Nephi Anderson.*

#### XIX.

"No, Chester, I can't marry you," said Julia, "I'm so sorry if I have given you undue encouragement. I believe I know now—I have more light."

"What more light have you? What more do you know about me?" He spoke deliberately, seemingly without feeling. They were seated on a bench in the park out alone under a tree.

"No; you misunderstand me," she said. "I don't mean that I have found anything bad or different about you. I like you just as much as ever, only I can't marry you. The light doesn't lie in—in your direction. Oh, I can't help it," she cried.

"In what way does it lie?" he asked in the same cold tone.

"In no particular way. It—it just reaches up to heaven."

"So your future husband is dead, is he?"

"What do you mean—I—I don't understand you?"

"Never mind, Julia. I don't understand you, either. Forgive me \* \*

Oh, my God!" He walked away a few steps to another tree where he stood for a few moments. Then he came back. "Forgive me," he said in a gentler tone. "Sorrow took away my reason when you rejected my heart. Listen to me. I believe I can talk to you properly now. Sit down." —She had arisen.—They both sat down again.

"Julia, I am not going to give you up. Not until I die—and not then, for in the great spirit-world I shall find you and serve you."

"Chester, you must, you must," she moaned.

"Hush, there is no such thing as giving up. There is no such thing as fail with me in this. Julia, you have been my star of hope. Shall that star set in an eternal night of darkness? No, no; I cannot stand to think it. Julia, you it was that saved me from my own undoing. I came to this country to do harm. I came with evil in my heart. You drove it out, you touched my heart and changed it. From you I got my first glimpse of

heaven through your shining soul! It was you that inspired me to overcome, that made me strong. You were different from other women—from other girls I had known. You told me, and I understood more than you uttered, what your ideal was, and Julia, I vowed I would materialize that vision of your mind. If I have not done it, yet, I shall. I shall not fail, Julia, for I want you—oh, I must, I must—”

Julia saw emotion play with a strong man as it might a child; but he shook himself, breathed freely again, and smiled. Julia, too, became strong, and she could answer in calmness his passionate appeals.

“You said, Chester, that you have never given up anything that you have ever set your heart on. Now, for once, you must.”

“No, no.”

“Yes; you may think that giving up is the part of weaklings, but it takes a strong, brave man sometimes to give up. It is sometimes greater to surrender than to fight. Jesus surrendered; Peter would have fought. You have won in every battle of life; you know what victory is. You can endure to win, but can you stand to lose?”

“Yes; anything but this—but you.”

“It would be nothing to lose a trifle—it would be no test. That comes when we are called upon to give up that which we prize most. Can we do that and still remain clean and strong and not crushed to earth?” The teachings of her father came clearly to Julia that evening, so that she seemed to repeat his words.

“But what is life without you? A blank, a useless existence,” he said.

“You may think so now; but you will get over that. Time is a great healer, I am told.”

“You are quite a preacher”—his tones became hard again. His voice trembled. Once more he took refuge in distance, and then came back again.

“Julia, I have asked the Lord for you. I have pleaded with Him morn-

ing, noon, and night. He will not refuse me. *He* knows how much I love you. *He* knows how my life is wrapped up in your life. He knows all, for I have told Him all. I trust Him.”

The girl’s power of resistance was nearly spent against this absolute faith, this firmness of will. Was she mistaken? Could she be wrong? Ought she to ruin this man’s life? She did love him enough to prevent that. What was she that she should send anyone to despair? “Oh, Father,” she prayed silently, “help me, help me! \* \* \* Not my will but Thine be done! Oh Father.”

Chester seemed to hear her prayer. Was she coming to him? Oh, thank the Lord! She would still be his, and he could live.”

“Chester,” she said, “did you end your prayers in that way?”

“In what way?”

“Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

He did not answer.

“You asked for something that you wanted. You thought you *had* to have it. You wanted that thing. Nothing else would do. You put up your judgment against the Lord’s. You would not allow Him to decide what was for your good.”

Chester was silent still. She was speaking the truth, and he could not deny it. He had not said “Thy will be done.” Well, this was the end. The situation came to him that way. But it was hard, this giving up. His heart cried out in agonizing protest, but his reason told him the end of his beautiful dream had come.

Again the park trees stood dark against the crimson sky. Again the evening became dim and cool down amid the grass and trees. The day noises grew low, and the faint sounds of night boded of sleep and rest. Julia and Chester became strangely silent, she gazing out to the far off mountains, he looking the other way into the darkening sky. Her thoughts were

homeward—out to the heart-free days at Piney Ridge Cottage. What pain in this love, so-called! What conflict of feelings, what uncertainty, what unrest! And she was but a child

—a school girl, who had just begun her education. Now this should come! If she only had her father to go to; but no, she was alone \* \* \* \*

Chester struggled hard to keep con-



*"Goodnight—and goodbye," he said.*

trol of his emotions. Never before had anything like this come to him. He looked back on his acquaintanceship with Julia. He could see now wherein he might have read his fate, but love had blinded him. He tried to convince himself that this terrible thing was not true. Julia would tell him different. If she would but let him hope. But she had said no. Pshaw, girls say no a score of times and then at last say yes. Persistence and constant attention always win. Had he not seen it many times? Why should he give up so easily? \* \* \* \* \* But Julia was different. He had to acknowledge that. Girls who take the counsels of wise parents and who go to the Lord for light and strength to know and do the right are not easily won from the ideals they form. They are weaklings who let the attentiveness and persistence of a man win them over, even though love is lacking; Julia was no weakling. \* \* \*

"Let us go home," she said.

They walked on side by side out of the park into the lighter streets. Neither spoke until they reached the double gate under the big tree. There they stopped.

"Will you come in?"

"No; I'll say goodby to you here and now."

"You are not going away? You

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

know, Chester, you will always be welcome—just as you always have been."

"Yes; I am going away. I can't live in Salt Lake with you so near. I must get beyond your power to draw me to you. I must go away—away off."

"Oh, but I don't want to drive you away. You remain with your work. I'll go—go home."

"Piney Ridge Cottage is not far enough. There will have to be mountains and seas between us."

"You won't go home?"

"Home? I have no home. I am an outcast. I thought I should have one here, among the Saints—and do my share—but now—"

"There are others, Chester—many better than I."

"It is useless to talk like that. I shall plead no longer. I shall say no more to you. I shall not annoy you any more."

Julia bowed her head on her hands which rested on the top of the gate post. Then she looked up. "Good-night," she said.

He placed his own hands on hers, and she let them lie there in his firm pressure. "Goodnight—and goodbye," he said. Then he raised her hands to his lips, held them there for one intense instant, turned, and hurried down the street.

## A Blessed Secret

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, howe'er heavy, until nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day.. Any one can live sweetly patiently, lovingly and surely until the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day.

Do today's duty; fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days.

We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of a brave, true, holy living.



# CHILDREN'S SECTION



## A Great Puzzle.

Little Lucy Locket  
Has not a single pocket —  
No place to carry anything at all.  
While Lucy's brother, Benny,  
He has so very many  
In which to put his marbles, top and  
ball,  
Then when he's in a hurry,  
'Tis sometimes quite a worry,  
To find the one he wants among them  
all.

Now, why should Lucy Locket  
Not have a little pocket—  
A handy little pocket in her dress?  
And why should brother Benny,  
Who doesn't need so many,  
Be favored with a dozen, more or less?  
The reason, if you know it,  
Be kind enough to show it,  
For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess!

—*St. Nicholas.*

## While Billie Counted Ten.

Billy had what he called "an awful temper," and when he was angry, I am sorry to say, he looked quite different from the smiling, polite little boy who usually lived in the big brown house on the corner. When the "awful temper" took possession of Billy, people almost thought another boy had come to take his place, and often his mamma cried and felt very badly over the things Billy did.

"Now, Billy," said his mother, taking both his hands in hers and looking very sad after Billy had been in a rage because Jack had lost his top. Jack had borrowed the top from Billy and, quite by accident, had lost it, but Billy was very angry about the matter and stormed about until even lame Grand-

ma had limped into the sitting room to see what could be the matter.

"Now, Billy, you must promise me that you will count ten very slowly every time you are tempted to be angry today, or I shall have to send you to your room. We must do something with this wicked temper of yours."

Hardly had Mrs. Foster left the room when Molly the maid came through the room with her arms full of clothes, and her dress brushed over the block house Billy was building. Billy turned very red in the face and was about to say something loud and angry when he remembered his promise.

"One, two three," counted Billy, and then he thought of the jam turnover Molly had made for him that morning. "Four, five—." He could hardly count when he remembered that at that very moment Molly was boiling paste for his new kite. Over at Joe Porter's cross Emma would not allow the children in the kitchen at all, while Molly was always kind to Billy and Jack and little Eleanor. Billy forgot all about the ruined block house and turned to build another much bigger and better.

"Billy! Billy!" cried little Eleanor. "I've had such an accident. I upset a glass of water and part of it ran on your Indian suit. I'm awful sorry."

Billy scrambled to his feet, for that Indian suit was the pride of his heart, and he was afraid water would ruin it. "One, two—" he began, thinking how careless Eleanor always was, when suddenly he caught sight of the marbles his little sister had given him only yesterday for his birthday. She had saved every penny for weeks and had gone without her favorite red and white peppermint sticks to buy those lovely, clear agates, and now he was

angry with her. "Three, four—." How dear and sweet Eleanor always was and how much she loved Billy. There she stood with tears in her eyes, looking at the Indian suit, and it had only a very little water on after all. That time Billy never got to ten, for he put his arms around his sister and said:

"Never mind, Eleanor. The suit isn't hurt at all. See! It will soon be dry."

And that is the way things happened all day while Billy counted ten. Never once did the "awful temper" get ahead of him, and when he was tucked into bed that night he whispered to his mamma that it had been a very happy day.

### Doing God's Errands.

Hester loved to do errands for her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head with a bright thought in her eyes, and said:

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am His little errand-girl, too."

"Yes, dear; He has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them, and a book written full to show us how. Every day we can tell him how we try to do them, and ask him to help us, so when he calls us we will run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the child said, nestling back in her comfortable seat. "I like to be God's little errand-girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"Was it an errand for God when I ran to the swing and made baby laugh seeing me, so he forgot to cry for you?"

"Yes, dear."

"I think he gives us very pleasant errands to do."—*Child's World*.

### Who is She?

There is a little maiden—

Who is she? Do you know?—

Who always has a welcome

Wherever she may go,

Her face is like the sunshine,

Her voice is like a bird's;

The sweetest of all music

Are her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter

As if she were the sun,

And she is sought and cherished

And loved by every one,

By old folks and by children,

By lofty and by low.

Who is this little maiden;

Does anybody know?

You certainly have met her;

Yes, now I hear you guess;

Well, must I introduce her?

'Tis sweet Miss Cheerfulness.

### One Cross Word.

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a noted writer. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with great fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.'

"Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say—

"Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves a good deal of trouble!"

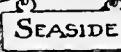
# THE RUNAWAY DOLL

(II)

BETTY was going to the sea-shore with Mama. There would be the blue water to look at, and great piles of gray sand to play in; and Aunt Alice would be there, and Cousin Bert, who had a fine boat of his own. If only cunning Cousin Carrie could have gone, Betty would have been as happy as a queen. "Never mind," said Mama; "you may take your new doll on the train." Then Betty was as busy as a bee getting Rose Rambler ready for her journey. She must have a new hat and shoes, and a little umbrella like Betty's to wear on the beach. Papa gave her a tiny trunk and a pencil, just like Betty's big ones; and Mama gave her a tiny umbrella, like Betty's big one, and a little bag to hang on her arm. "She could run away now and take a journey all by herself," said Betty, when she was ready. And that made Betty laugh! At last the trunks were all packed, and the day came, and they started off. Papa had the big bag and the



, and Mama had the little  and the lunch-  
box, and Betty had her  and her 

And as soon as they were safe in the car the  rang, and the  went round, and away they sped toward the sea. Betty showed Rose the  and  and telegraph  flying past the  When Rose was tired, she read to her from a picture-; and when the lunch-box was opened, she fed her with a  and an  and some . And by and by the cars stopped, and Betty saw the , over the door of the station. "Oh, oh," she cried, "we are here!" And there was Aunt Alice on the platform, and Bert with his  , and oh, oh, there was cunning Carrie right behind them! Betty was so excited that she forgot everything. She tumbled off the car  into Aunt Alice's  . Ding, dong! went the , round went the 



## The Children's Budget Box.

### A Wonderful Book.

There's a dear little book we all love to read.  
It gives us good counsel that we all ought to heed.  
There are amusements for young as well as for old,  
And in it, by reading, we get knowledge, I'm told.  
Now who can guess this book so great?  
There is none worthy to be its mate.  
Now just think of a book of such character.  
Of course you will say it's the Juvenile Instructor.  
Annie Godfrey,  
Clarkston, Utah.  
Age 10.

### Dixie.

God has made this dear old Dixie  
So it's fairest in the West,  
Made the fleecy clouds the whitest  
On the rugged mountain's crest.  
... 'e the streams the very bluest,  
Made the trees so straight and tall,  
And the deepest lakes and rivers,  
It was God who made them all.  
That is why a band of pilgrims,  
Traveling far into the west,  
Came into this little valley  
For the haven of their rest.  
Miss Irene Walker,  
Age 15. St. George, Utah.

### Winter.

When I see the leaflets falling,  
And the grass turns brown and dry,  
And the birds spread their wings southward,  
Then I know that winter is nigh.

Hear the North-wind gaily whistling  
As it blows o'er vale and hill;  
Oh, I dread the thoughts of winter,  
For it brings the icy chill.

Let it come as God may make it,  
For He knows the very best.  
He has put the leaves and flowers  
In their winter's bed to rest.  
Nina Clapp,  
Age 14. Lost River, Idaho.

### Traveling.

We're all traveling together,  
Merlin, Louis and I.  
We're going to win the battle;  
At least we're going to try.

We're traveling on the road  
Where truth and honor lead;  
We're working for our Savior,  
His cause we'll strongly plead.

We're going to preach the gospel  
As missionaries do;  
Then we'll be respected  
If we prove good and true.

Noel Lillywhite,  
Age 11. Brigham City, Utah.

### The Kaiserbloom.

Years ago when I was young,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
Was found the Kaiserbloom—  
The flower of Germany.

It was so sweet and modest,  
Its grace I could not tell;  
And it was planted everywhere,  
E'en by each mossy well.

The hist'ry of it runs like this—  
That many years ago  
A little orphan boy and girl  
Were wandering to and fro.

They wandered o'er the valley,  
Then climbed the rocky hill.  
And then they came by chance  
Upon a gurgling rill.

They followed the little streamlet  
Through winding valleys new.  
And then at last they reached the  
place  
Where these fragrant flowers grew.

They carried some to the Kaiser  
That he might also see  
And welcome the simple flowers  
Into his royalty.

He took the pretty flowers and said:  
"Henceforth they'll honored be  
And shall be called the Kaiserbloom,  
The flower of Germany"  
Leah Lewis,  
Age 12. Provo, Utah.

### COMPETITION NO. 20.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.  
Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

### Rules.

Competition will close Feby. 1st.  
Every contribution must bear the

name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings

must be on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## The Puzzle Page.

### The Curse Puzzle.

The answer to our November puzzle is "TOBACCO." We have received a large number of correct answers, and as all are of about the same excellence it has been decided to send each an art card instead of awarding books to ten. The names of those sending correct answers are as follows: Helen Atkinson, Woodruff, Utah; Hawley Bagley, Montpelier, Idaho; Herbert Bassett, Kane, Wyo.; Rulon Bennion, Vernon, Utah; Archie Bennett, Taber, Canada; Laverne Budge, Rockland, Ida.; Emma Carpenter, Bloomington, Utah; Leone Calder, Garden City, Utah; Floyd Christensen, Ontario, Ore.; Mabel Christensen, Brigham City, Utah; Nina Clapp, Lost River, Ida.; Ermine Dalley, Summit, Utah; Lucy Davis, Box 85, Shelley, Ida.; Leonard Dibble, Wallow, Ore.; Elizabeth E. Dille, American Falls, Ida.; Thomas Dille, American Falls, Ida.; Mary Earl, Mountain View, Canada; Carl Edvalson, La Grande, Ore.; Vera Elder, Castledale, Utah; Lenora Forsyth, Torrey, Utah; Wagner Garrick, La Grande, Or.; Maggie Hatch, Hatch, Ida.; W. Glen Harmon, Box 136, Price, Utah; Ruth Hardwick, Oxford, Ida.; Leora Hanson, Clawson, Ida.; Philip Hurley, 837 McClelland St., Salt Lake City; Olin H. and Lula Jeppson, Archer, Ida.; Lowell C. Jensen, Preston, Ida.; Bevan Johnson, Col. Diaz, Chih., Mexico; Reuben Johnson, 207 E. 2nd No. St., Logan, Utah; Elmer Johnson, St. Anthony, Idaho; Eulalia Kirkham, 867 E. 8th So., Salt Lake City; Herbert Knell, Pinto, Utah; Clifton Laney, Kamas, Utah; Le Ora Larsen, Birgham City, Utah; Alvin Larsen, Colonia Diaz, Chih., Mexico; Zenos M. Laws, Colonia Diaz, Chih., Mexico; Juanita Leavitt, Bunkerville, Nev.; Gladys Marsden, Murray, Box 63 R. F. D. No. 7; George J. Miles, St. George, Utah; Violet K. Monson, Gleich-en, Alta., Canada; Olive Marble, Deweyville, Utah; Earl McDonald, Port Orange, Florida; Ellen Murri, St. Anthony, Ida.; Sarah Neilson, Box 12, Mapleton, Utah; Ethel Nielson, Koosharem, Utah; Bessie Olsen, Julia Olsen, Leavitt, Canada; M. Merrill Pixton, Murray, Utah, R. F. D. No. 7; Samuel Roberts, Cedar View, Utah; Helen Reynolds, Springville, Utah; Roy Stoddard, Burley, Ida.; Howard L. Sorensen, Leavitt, Canada;

Owen B. Thomas, 76 E. 2nd So. St., Logan, Utah; Louie Tingey, Woodruff, Utah; Eldon Tanner, Aetna, Alta., Canada; Polly Thompson, Eager, Ariz.; Alleen Taylor, 113 So. 7th E., S. L. C.; Zelpha Vowles, Tooele City, Utah; Wil-ford Ward, Riverside, Utah; Victor Wood, American Falls, Idaho; Mark West, Box 126, Sugar, Idaho; Eliza West, Clearfield, Utah; Virgie White, Summit, Utah.

### "Connected Diamonds."

By Frances Curtis, Murray R.F.D. No. 7.

			0				0		
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	

Upper Left: 1. A vowel. 2. A chart. 3. Very desirous. 4. A garden vegetable. 5. A consonant.

Upper Right: 1. A consonant. 2. A measurement of weight. 3. One who wanders. 4. Entire profit. 5. Consonant

Lower Left: 1. A consonant. 2. A covering for the hand. 3. One who rides. 4. A number. 5. A consoannt.

Lower Right: 1. A consonant. 2. A misleading statement. 3. A crest of a hill. 4. A common food substance. 5. A vowel.

For the ten best answers we will award book prizes.

### Rules.

Answers must be in ink and received before February 1st.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Laughlets.

### Recognized.

It was after the distribution of prizes at a Sunday School.

"Well, did you get a prize?" asked Johnny's mother.

"No," answered Johnny; "but I got horrible mention."

### Blown in the Bottle.

Young Wife—Arthur, dearest, how do they arrange these pickles in the bottle so nicely?

Young Husband—They pile the pickles up, Petsy, and then blow the bottle around them.

### Dry Humor.

The Governor of Maine was at the school and was telling the pupils what the people of different States were called.

"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers'; the people from North Carolina 'Tar Heels'; the people from Michigan we know as 'Michigananders.' Now, what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," said a little girl.

"Well, what are we called?" asked the Governor.

"Maniacs."

### How it Happened.

Condescending Chappie—"I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host—Oh, yes, very likely. It's my house."

### A Hit at Last.

"And so this is the end," said the hero, as he hent over the form of the dying heroine, while the orchestra played soft, sad, music.

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed a pathetic voice from the gallery.—London Tit-Bits.

### Mosaic.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testament. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: "Moses, 4,000."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."—Suburban Life.

### Lifelike.

Artist—"This is my painting, 'Youth in the Melon Patch.'"

Critic—"But where are the melons?"

Artist—"What a foolish question!"—Toledo Blade.

### Nothing Extraordinary.

A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight!"

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blankly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"—Everybody's Magazine.

### That Was Why.

"Why are you so sore on that eminent millionaire? He has done some good things."

"I was one of them."—Washington Herald.

### His Master's Voice.

Casey—"Now, phwat wu'n'd ye do in a case loike thot?"

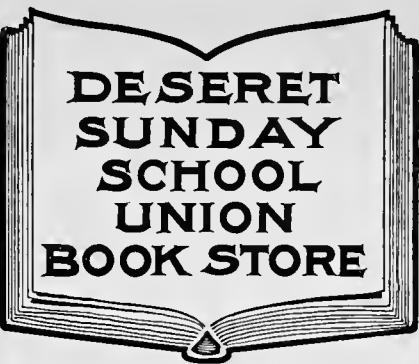
Clancy—"Loike phwat?"

Casey—"Th' walkin' diligent tills me to stroike, an' me ould woman orders me to kea-ape on workin'."—Western Christian Advocate.

### The Other Way.

The dove returned to the ark.

"We shall have peace," it cried; "there is no land to fight about and nobody to fight."—New York Sun.



**DESERET  
SUNDAY  
SCHOOL  
UNION  
BOOK STORE**



"Books still accomplish miracles,  
they persuade men"

BE SURE YOU GET GOOD  
BOOKS, THE KIND SOLD BY

**Deseret Sunday School  
Union Book Store**

44-46 E. S. Temple, Salt Lake City

**Who Does  
Not Read The  
Saturday  
News?**

**We give a half rate (\$1.00 a year) when you send  
it away to your friends.**

# BOOK OF MORMON MAP

Cloth,	\$1.50	Mounted,	\$2.00
Paper,	.50	Mounted,	1.00

A Necessity for Successful Students and Teachers.

Published by JOEL RICKS, Logan, Utah.



## "GIRL WANTED"

By Nixon Waterman.

It is a book that will help her in her daily tasks and pleasures, and will interest her as well. It is being used by both Mutuals and Sunday Schools in several of the Stakes.

## "BOY WANTED"

Is for Boys. We have them both. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store

44 and 46 East South Temple, Salt Lake City.

## A Most Excellent Book

to give to your girl  
for Christmas is



**Geo.J. Maack**  
**SIGN PAINTER**  
**PHONE DECORATOR 50**  
**3017 DESIGNER RICHARDS**

**YEPPOZER & HINTZ**

ENGRAVERS  
DESIGNERS  
ELECTROTYPERS

SALT LAKE CITY  
UTAH



## CALIFORNIA

Many delightful Winter and Seashore Resorts await you and are  
ONLY 24 HOURS AWAY.

Why not get away from Winter's storms by visiting the "Land of Sunshine," Oranges and Roses?

### CHOICE OF THREE TRAINS

Daily from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and  
**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

For Rates, Tickets or Literature, call at City Ticket Office, 169 Main Street, or address the undersigned.

T. C. PECK,  
G. P. A.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

J. H. MANDERFIELD,  
A. G. P. A.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.



DAVID ECCLES, President  
M. S. BROWNING, Vice-President

HENRY H. ROLAPP, Secretary  
H. H. SPENCER, Treasurer

# Amalgamated Sugar Company

## DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH F. SMITH	E. P. ELLISON
JOSEPH SCOWCROFT	JOSEPH CLARK
FRED J. KIESEL	GEORGE STODDARD
ADAM PATTERSON	WM. H. WATTIS

FACTORIES AT OGDEN, UTAH; LOGAN, UTAH; AND LA GRANDE, OREGON

# Utah-Idaho Sugar Company

**Main Offices, Sharon Building, Salt Lake City**

FACTORIES: Lehi, Utah; Garland, Utah; Auxiliary Plants: Springville, Spanish Fork, Provo, Utah. Idaho Falls, Idaho; Blackfoot, Idaho; Sugar City, Idaho; Nampa, Idaho; Auxiliary Plant: Parker, Idaho.

Joseph F. Smith, Pres.

Thos. R. Cutler, Vice-Pres.

H. G. Whitney, Sec'y and Treas.

# Hall's Canker and Diphtheria Remedy

If you want to cure Diphtheria, use HALL'S CANKER REMEDY.

If you want to prevent Diphtheria, use HALL'S CANKER REMEDY.

If one of your children in the house has Diphtheria, give HALL'S CANKER REMEDY to those who are well and they will never take the disease.

This remedy has made so many wonderful cures in the past twenty-five years that we know it will continue to do the same in the future. This wonderful remedy is sold by all druggists or grocers.

Don't forget to ask your dealer for HALL'S CANKER AND DIPHTHERIA REMEDY.



## SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

The only trans-continental line passing directly through quaint and picturesque Salt Lake City. A stop-over is allowed at Salt Lake City, beautiful Glenwood, Colorado Springs or Denver on all classes of tickets on application to the train conductor. Scenery unequalled in the world.

I. A. BENTON, General Agent

U.S.A.

2

3

4

5

3

4

